FIGHT CLUB

by

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based on a novel by

Chuck Palahnuik

THIS SCRIPT
should be read
FAST, FAST, FAST
2/16/98

SCREEN BLACK

JACK (V.O.)
People were always asking me, did I know Tyler Durden.

FADE IN:

INT. SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR OF HIGH RISE -- NIGHT

TYLER has one arm around Jack's shoulder; the other hand holds a HANDGUN with the barrel lodged in JACK'S MOUTH. Tyler is sitting in Jack's lap.

They are both sweating and disheveled, both around 30; Tyler is blond, handsome; and Jack, brunette, is appealing in a dry sort of way. Tyler looks at his watch.

TYLER
One minute.
(looking out window)
This is the beginning. We're at ground zero. Maybe you should say a few words, to mark the occasion.

JACK
... i... ann....iinn.. ff....nnyin...

JACK (V.O.)
With a gun barrel between your teeth, you speak only in vowels.

Jack tongues the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK
(still distorted)
I can't think of anything.

JACK (V.O.)
With my tongue, I can feel the rifling in the barrel. For a second, I totally forgot about Tyler's whole controlled demolition thing and I wondered how clean this gun is.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER
It's getting exciting now.

JACK (V.O.)
That old saying, how you always hurt the one you love, well, it works both ways.

Jack turns so that he can see down -- 31 STORIES.

-(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
We have front row seats for this Theater of Mass Destruction. The Demolitions Committee of Project Mayhem wrapped the foundation columns of ten buildings with blasting gelatin. In two minutes, primary charges will blow base charges, and those buildings will be reduced to smoldering rubble. I know this because Tyler knows this.

TYLER
Look what we've accomplished.
(checks watch)
Thirty seconds.

JACK (V.O.)
Somehow, I realize all of this -- the gun, the bombs, the revolution -- is really about Marla Singer.

PULL BACK from Jack's face. It's pressed against TWO LARGE BREASTS that belong to...BOB, 45, a moose of a man. Jack is engulfed by Bob in an intense embrace. Bob weeps openly.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob had bitch tits.

PULL BACK to wide on...

INT. CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Men are paired off, hugging, talking in emotional tones. Near the door, a SIGN on a stand: "REMAINING MEN TOGETHER."

JACK (V.O.)
This was a support group for men with testicular cancer. The big moosie slobbering all over me was Bob.

BOB
We're still men.

JACK
Yes. We're men. Men is what we are.

JACK (V.O.)
Six months ago, Bob's testicles were removed. Then hormone therapy. He developed bitch tits because his testosterone was too high and his body upped the estrogen. That was where my head fit -- into his huge, sweating tits that hung enormous, the way we think of God's as big.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
They're gonna have to open my pec's again to drain the fluid.

Bob hugs tighter; then looks with empathy into Jack's eyes.

BOB
Okay. You cry now.

Jack looks at Bob.

JACK (V.O.)
Wait. Back up. Let me start earlier.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
For six months. I could not sleep.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Jack, sleepy, stands over a copy machine. His Starbucks cup sits on the lid, moving back and forth as the machine copies.

JACK (V.O.)
With insomnia, nothing is real. Everything is far away. Everything is a copy of a copy of a copy.

Other people make copies, all with Starbucks cups, sipping. Jack picks up his cup and his copies and leaves.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Jack, sipping, stares blankly at a Starbucks bag on the floor, full of newspapers and FAST FOOD GARBAGE.

JACK (V.O.)
When deep space exploration ramps up, it will be corporations that name everything. The IBM Stellar Sphere. The Philip Morris Galaxy. Planet Starbucks.

Jack looks up as a pudgy man, Jack's BOSS, enters, Starbucks cup in hand, and slides a stack of reports on Jack's desk.

BOSS
I'm going to need you out-of-town a little more this week. We've got some "red-flags" to cover.

JACK (V.O.)
It must've been Tuesday. He was wearing his "cornflower-blue" tie.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(listless management speak)
You want me to de-prioritize my current reports until you advise of a status upgrade?

BOSS
You need to make these your primary "action items."

JACK (V.O.)
He was full of pep. Must've had his grande latte enema.

BOSS
Here are your flight coupons. Call me from the road if there are any snags. Your itinerary...

Jack hides a yawn, pretends to listen.

INT. BATHROOM - JACK'S CONDO - NIGHT

Jack sits on the toilet, CORDLESS PHONE to his ear, flips through an IKEA catalog. There's a stack of old Playboy magazines and other catalogs nearby.

JACK (V.O.)
Like everyone else, I had become a slave to the IKEA nesting instinct.

JACK
(into phone)
Yes. I'd like to order the Erika Pekkari slip covers.

Jack drops the open catalog on the floor.
MOVE IN ON CATALOG -- ON PHOTO of COFFEETABLE SET...

JACK (V.O.)
If I saw something like clever coffee tables in the shape of a yin and yang, I had to have it.

PAN TO PHOTO of ARMCHAIR...

JACK (V.O.)
Like the Johanneshov armchair in the Strinne green stripe pattern...

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING AREA/KITCHEN

The armchair APPEARS. PAN OVER next to armchair...

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
Or the Rislampa wire lamps of environmentally-friendly unbleached paper...

The lamps APPEAR. PAN OVER to wall...

JACK (V.O.)
Even the Vild hall clock of galvanized steel, resting on the Klipsk shelving unit.

The clock APPEARS as the shelving unit APPEARS on the wall.

JACK (V.O.)
I would flip through catalogs and wonder, "What kind of dining set defines me as a person?" We used to read pornography. Now it was the Horchow Collection.

A dining room set APPEARS. Jack, the cordless phone still glued to his ear, walks INTO FRAME and continues.

JACK
No, I don't want Cobalt. Oh, that sounds nice. Apricot.

Jack opens a cabinet, takes out a plate.

JACK (V.O.)
I had it all. Even the glass dishes with tiny bubbles and imperfections, proof they were crafted by the honest, simple, hard- working indigenous peoples of wherever.

He rummages through the refrigerator. It's practically empty. Jack takes out a jar of mustard, opens it and uses a butter knife to eat it.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, eyes puffy, face pale, sits before an INTERN, who studies him with bemusement.

INTERN
No, you can't die of insomnia.

JACK
Maybe I already died. Look at my face.

INTERN
You need to lighten up.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Can't you give me something?

JACK (V.O.)
Red-and-blue Tuinal, lipstick-red Seconals.

INTERN
(overlapping w/ above)
You need healthy, natural sleep. Chew valerian root and get some more exercise.

The Intern ushers Jack to the door. They step into the...

INT. HALLWAY

The Intern walks away from Jack, picks up a chart.

JACK
I'm in pain.

INTERN
(facetious)
You want to see pain? Swing by First Methodist Tuesday nights. See the guys with testicular cancer. That's pain.

The Intern moves into the other room. Jack stares after him.

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack heads for the front door.

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack stares at a group of men, including Bob, who are all listening to a group member speak at a lectern. The SPEAKER has pale skin and sunken eyes -- he's clearly dying.

SPEAKER
I... wanted three kids. Two boys and a girl. Mindy wanted two girls and one boy. We never could agree on anything.

The Speaker cracks a sad smile. Some men chuckle, happy to lighten the mood.

SPEAKER
Well, she had her first child a month ago, a girl, with her new husband... And, Thank God. I'm glad for her, because she deserves...

The speaker breaks down, WEEPS UNCONTROLLABLY.

Jack watches. A couple of the men go up to the speaker, comforting him, leading him away. A LEADER takes the stand.

LEADER
Everyone, let's thank Thomas for sharing himself with us.

Jack, uncomfortable, joins EVERYONE ELSE:

EVERYONE
(in unison)
Thank you, Thomas.

LEADER
I look around this room and I see a lot of courage. And it gives me strength. We give each other strength.

Jack looks around. Many of the men are sniffling, sobbing. Jack squirms in his seat.

LEADER
It's time for the one-on-one. Let's follow Thomas's example and open ourselves.

Everyone gets our of their chairs and begins pairing-off. Jack stands, uncomfortable.

LEADER
Can everyone find a partner?

Bob, his chin down on his chest, starts toward Jack, shuffling his feet.

JACK (V.O.)
The big moosie, his eyes already shrink-wrapped in tears. Knees together, invisible steps.

Bob takes Jack into an embrace.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob was a champion bodybuilder. You know that chest expansion program you see on TV? That was his idea.

BOB
...using steroids. I was a juicer. Diabanol, then, Wisterol -- it's for racehorses, for Christsake. Now I'm bankrupt, divorced, my two grown kids won't return my calls...

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
Strangers with this kind of honesty make me go a big rubbery one.

Bob breaks into sobbing, putting his head on Jack's shoulder and completely covering Jack's face. After a long beat of crying, Bob raises up his head, looks at Jack's NAMETAG.

BOB
Go head, Cornelius. You can cry.

They look at each other. Slowly, Jack's eyes grow wet.

JACK (V.O.)
Then... something happened. I was lost in oblivion — dark and silent and complete.

Bob pulls Jack's head back into his chest. Jack tightens his arms around Bob.

JACK (V.O.)
I found freedom. Losing all hope was freedom.

Jack pulls away from Bob. On Bob's chest, there's a WET MASK of Jack's face from how he looks weeping.

JACK (V.O.)
Babies don't sleep this well.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies sound asleep.

JACK (V.O.)
I became addicted.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack moves into a "group hug" of sickly people, men and women. In view is a sign by the door "Free and Clear."

INT. OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack stands with a weeping middle-aged WOMAN. He begins to cry along with her. A sign by the door: "Onward and Upward."

JACK (V.O.)
If I didn't say anything, people assumed the worst. They cried harder. I cried harder.

INT. PUBLIC BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone, including Jack, sits back in their seats, EYES CLOSED. The Leader speaks into a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

LEADER
Tonight, we're going to open the green door -- the heart chakra...

JACK (V.O.)
I wasn't really dying, I wasn't host to cancer or parasites; I was the warm little center that the life of this world crowded around.

LEADER
....And you open the door and you step inside. We're inside our hearts. Now, imagine your pain as a white ball of healing light. That's right, the pain itself is a ball of healing light.

Jack, eyes closed, is silent...

LEADER
It moves over your body, healing you. Keep this going and step forward, through the back door of the room. Where does it lead? To your cave. Step forward into your cave.

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack walks along, moving through an ICE CAVERN...

LEADER'S VOICE
That's right. You're going deeper into your cave. And you're going to find your power animal...

Jack comes upon a PENGUIN. The penguin looks at him, cocks his head to signal Jack forward.

PENGUIN
Slide.

The penguin jumps onto a patch of ICE and slides away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks out a doorway, saying goodbye to people. He walks down the sidewalk, shining with peace.

JACK (V.O.)
Every evening I died and every evening I was born again. Resurrected.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - RESUMING

Jack's still in an embrace with Bob.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob loved me because he thought my testicles were removed too. Being there, my face against his tits, ready to cry — this was my vacation.

MARLA SINGER enters. She has short matte black hair and big, dark eyes like a character from japanese animation.

JACK (V.O.)
And, she ruined everything.

Marla looks around, raises a cigarette to her lips.

MARLA
This is cancer, right?

Bob and Jack stare, dumbfounded.

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - LATER

Everyone paired-off. MOVE THROUGH ROOM... FIND JACK'S FACE as he stares... MOVE THROUGH ROOM... FIND MARLA'S FACE. She's drinking coffee, smoking a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)
This .. chick ... Marla Singer ... did not have testicular cancer. She was a liar.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla sits with the group, smoking, listening intently while a member speaks. Jack spies on her.

JACK (V.O.)
She had no diseases at all. I had seen her at my melanoma Monday night group ...

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Marla sits at the end of a row, smoking. All the faces down the row are turned toward her, incredulous...

JACK (V.O.)
... and at "Free and Clear," my blood parasites group Thursdays.

Jack leans out further than the others, scornful.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
-- And, again, at "Seize The Day," my tuberculosis Friday night.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Jack watches... Marla's eyes are closed, her head on the shoulder of the MAN she's embraced by. She opens her eyes, catching Jack's stare. Jack looks away.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla -- the big tourist. Her lie reflected my lie.

Marla rests her chin on the man's shoulder. Tears roll down her cheeks. She wipes at them.

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla walks out. The support group's dispersing. Jack exits amongst them. He spots Marla walking away.

JACK (V.O.)
And suddenly, I felt nothing. I couldn't cry. So, once again, I could not sleep.

Jack stares after Marla for a long moment. He walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jack, in underwear, is cross-legged on the floor, assembling IKEA furniture, CORDLESS PHONE shouldered to his ear.

JACK
(into phone)
No, I just can't believe that card is declined -- Okay, okay, let me give you a different card number.

Jack gets his wallet off the floor, pulls out another card and, MOS over the following, he reads it into the phone.

JACK (V.O.)
Next group, after guided meditation, after we open our chakras, when it's time to hug, I'm going to grab that little bitch, Marla Singer, pin her arms against her sides and say...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - JACK'S IMAGINATION

CLOSE ON JACK as he CLAMPS his arms around Marla.

JACK
Marla, you liar, you big tourist. I need this. Get out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack, in pajamas, stares at Home Shopping Network on his TV.

JACK (V.O.)
When you have insomnia, you're never really asleep and you're never really awake. I hadn't slept in four days...

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack walks in and joins the crowd, looking around. People are chattering with each other.

JACK (V.O.)
-- But, in here, in everyone, there's the squint of a five-day headache. Yet they forced themselves to be positive. They never said "parasite;" they said "agent." They always talked about getting better.

LEADER
Okay, everyone.

Everyone sits in chairs. Jack catches sight of Marla.

LEADER
To open tonight's communion, Chloe would like to say a few words.

Taking the lectern is CHLOE, a pale, sickly girl whose skin stretches yellowish and tight over her bones. She wears a head bandage. She clears her throat.

JACK (V.O.)
Ahh, Chloe. Chloe looked the way Joni Mitchell's skeleton would look if you made it smile and walk around a party being extra nice to everyone.

CHLOE
Well, I'm still here -- but I don't know for how long. That's as much certainty as anyone can give me. But I've got some good news -- I no longer have any fear of death.

APPLAUSE from around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
But... I am in a pretty lonely place. No one will have sex with me. I'm so close to the end and all I want is to get laid for the last time. I have pornographic movies in my apartment, and lubricants and amyl nitrate ...

The LEADER gingerly takes control of the microphone.

LEADER
Thank you, Chloe. Everyone, let's thank Chloe.

EVERYONE
Thank you, Chloe.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - LATER

LEADER
Now, you're standing at the entrance to your cave. You step inside your cave and you walk. Keep walking.

Jack's face, eyes closed, is motionless.

JACK (V.O.)
If I did have a tumor, I'd name it Marla. Marla...the little scratch on the roof of your mouth that would heal if only you could stop tonguing it, but you can't.

LEADER
Now, find your power animal.

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack finds Marla smoking a cigarette. Marla cocks her head, indicating she wants him to --

MARLA
Slide.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - RESUMING

Jack's eyes open and turn to Marla, watching her blow smoke rings with her eyes closed.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - LATER

Everyone stands and mills about, pairing-off.

LEADER
Pick someone special to you tonight.

(CONTINUED)

Jack sees the ghastly spectre of Chloe ambling towards him. He tries to smile. She smiles with a twisted, dying mouth.

CHLOE
Hello, Mr. Taylor.

JACK (V.O.)
I never gave my real name at support groups.

JACK
Hi, Chloe.

CHLOE
We've never actually talked.

Chloe's eyes are eerily bright with desperation. Jack, in a sincere attempt at levity, chokes out:

JACK
You look good. You ... look ... like a pirate.

Chloe laughs, a little too much. Jack squeezes out a laugh. Then he sees Marla, off by herself. Someone heads for her.

JACK
Excuse me, I have to...

Jack gives a quick nod to Chloe and darts towards Marla. Chloe watches him go.

STAY ON JACK AND MARLA as Jack CLAMPS his arms around her. He whispers into her ear.

JACK
We need to talk.

MARLA
Sure.

JACK
I'm on to you. You're a faker. You aren't dying.

MARLA
What?

JACK
Okay, in the Sylvia Plath philosophy way, we're all dying. But you're not dying the way Chloe is dying.

LEADER
Tell the other person how you feel.

JACK
You're a tourist. I saw you at melanoma, tuberculosis and testicular cancer.

MARLA
And I saw you practicing this...

JACK
Practicing what?

MARLA
Telling me off. Is it going as well as you hoped... ?
(reads his nametag)
"... Mr. Taylor."

JACK
I'll expose you.

MARLA
Go ahead. I'll expose you.

LEADER
Share yourself completely.

Marla puts her head down on Jack's shoulder as if she were crying. Jack pulls her head back up. She deadpans at him.

JACK
Why are you doing this?

MARLA
It's cheaper than a movie, and there's free coffee.

JACK
These are my groups. I was here first. I've been coming for a year.

MARLA
A year? How'd you manage that?

JACK
Anyone who might've noticed either died or recovered and never came back.

LEADER
Let yourself cry.

MARLA
Why do you do it?

JACK
I... I don't know. I guess... when people think you're dying, they really listen, instead...

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
-- Instead of just waiting for their turn to speak.

JACK
Yeah.

Brief recognition between them, broken as the Leader passes.

LEADER
Quietly, now. Share with each other.

Jack waits till the Leader's out of earshot.

JACK
(warning)
It becomes an addiction.

MARLA
Really?

Jack sighs, then pulls back.

JACK
Look, I can't cry with a faker present.

MARLA
Candy-stripe a cancer ward. It's not my problem.

JACK
Please. Can't we do something... ?

Marla starts out of the room. Jack follows her.

LEADER
Now, the closing prayer...

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marla gets to the sidewalk, moving quickly along.

JACK
We'll split up the week. You can have lymphoma, tuberculosis and --

MARLA
You take tuberculosis. My smoking doesn't go over at all.

JACK
I think testicular cancer should be no contest.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
Well, technically, I have more of a right to be there than you. You still have your balls.

JACK
You're kidding.

MARLA
I don't know -- am I?

Jack follows Marla into...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Marla walks with authority up to an unwatched DRYER. She takes out clothes, picks out jeans, pants and shirts.

MARLA
I'll take the parasites.

JACK
You can't have both parasites. You can take blood parasites --

MARLA
I want brain parasites.

JACK
Okay. I'll take blood parasites and organic brain dementia --

MARLA
I want that.

JACK
You can't have the whole brain!

MARLA
So far, you have four and I only have two!

JACK
Then, take blood parasites. It's yours. Now we each have three.

Marla gathers the chosen garments and heads out past Jack...

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack follows, bewildered.

JACK
You... left half your clothes.

HONK! Jack starts. Marla's led him into the street with traffic barreling down.

Marla walks on, oblivious as CARS screech to a halt, HORNS BLARING. Jack dashes, following...

INT. THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marla drops the pile of clothes on a counter. An old CLERK sifts through the clothes, begins writing on a pad.

JACK
You're selling those?

Marla steps down hard on Jack's foot. He winces in pain.

MARLA
(for the Clerk to hear)
Yes, I'm selling some clothes.

The Clerk starts to ring up the assessed amounts.

MARLA
So, we each have three -- that's six. What about the seventh day? I want ascending bowel cancer.

JACK (V.O.)
The girl had done her homework.

JACK
I want ascending bowel cancer.

The Clerk gives a strange look as he hands money to Marla.

MARLA
That's your favorite, too? Tried to slip it by me, eh?

JACK
We'll split it. You get it the first and third Sunday of the month.

MARLA
Deal.

They shake. Jack tries to withdraw his hand; Marla holds it.

MARLA
Looks like this is goodbye.

JACK
Let's not make a big thing out of it.

She walks to the door, pocketing money, not looking back.

MARLA
How's this for not making a big thing?

Jack watches her go. A moment, then he follows after...

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack hesitates, unsure, then run/walks to catch up to her...

JACK
Um... Marla, should we maybe exchange numbers?

MARLA
Should we?

JACK
In case we want to switch nights.

MARLA
I suppose.

Jack takes out a business card, writes his number on the back, hands it to her. She takes the pen, grabs his hand and writes her number on his palm. She walks into the street, causing more SCREECHING and HONKING. She turns, holds up the card.

MARLA
It doesn't have your name. Who are you? Cornelius? Mr. Taylor? Dr. Zaius? Any of the stupid names you give each night?

Jack starts to answer, but the traffic noise is too loud. Marla just shakes her head, turns, and keeps moving. A BUS moves into view, obscuring her.

JACK (V.O.)
This is how I met Marla Singer.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The plane touches down; the cabin BUMPS. Jack's eyes open.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at O'Hare.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack snaps awake again, looking around, disoriented.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at SeaTac.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The rear of a CRASHED CAR sticks up by the side of the road. Jack stands, marking on a clipboard. The SUN SETS behind.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack stands at a gate counter. An ATTENDANT smiles at him.

ATTENDANT
Check-in for that flight doesn't begin for another two hours, Sir.

Jack looks with blearing eyes at his watch, steps away and looks at an overhanging CLOCK.

JACK (V.O.)
Pacific, Mountain, Central. Lose an hour, gain an hour. This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack's eyes snap open as the plane LANDS.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at Air Harbor International.

INT. AIRPORT WALKWAY

Jack stands on a conveyor belt, briefcase at his feet. He watches PEOPLE MOVING PAST on the opposite conveyor.

JACK (V.O.)
If you wake up at a different time and in a different place, could you wake up as a different person?

Jack misses seeing TYLER on the opposite conveyor belt. They pass each other.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a BUSINESSMAN. As they have idle CONVERSATION, we MOVE IN ON Jack's tray. An ATTENDANT'S HANDS set coffee down with a small container of cream.

JACK (V.O.)
Everywhere I travel -- tiny life. Single-serving sugar, single-serving cream, single pat of butter.

CUT TO:

HANDS place a dinner tray down.

JACK (V.O.)
Microwave Cordon Bleu hobby kit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth in the MIRROR.

JACK (V.O.)
Shampoo/conditioner combo. Single-serving mouthwash, tiny bar of soap.

Jack picks up an individual, wrapped Q-TIP, looks at it. He moves out of the bathroom into...

MAIN ROOM

Jack sits on the bed. He turns on the TV. It's tuned to the "Sheraton Channel," shows WAITERS serving people in a large BANQUET ROOM. Jack stops brushing his teeth, feels something on the bed, lifts it -- a small DINNER MINT.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a frumpy WOMAN. They chat. Jack turns to look at his food, takes a bite. He turns back and it's...

--a BALD MAN next to him, talking. Jack takes another bite, turns back and it's...

--a BUSINESSMAN next to him. Jack takes another bite, turns back, and it's...

--a BUSINESS WOMAN next to him.

JACK (V.O.)
The people I meet on each flight -- they're single-serving friends. Between take-off and landing, we have our time together, but that's all we get.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - LANDING

Jack's eyes snap open.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at Logan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A giant corrugated METAL DOOR opens.

JACK (V.O.)
On a long enough time line, the survival rate for everyone drops to zero.

Two TECHNICIANS lead Jack to the BURNT-OUT SHELL of a WRECKED AUTOMOBILE. Jack sets down his briefcase, opens it and starts to make notes on a CLIPBOARDED FORM.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
I'm a recall coordinator. My job is to apply the formula. It's a story problem.

TECHNICIAN #1
Here's where the infant went through the windshield. Three points.

JACK (V.O.)
A new car built by my company leaves somewhere traveling at 60 miles per hour. The rear differential locks up.

TECHNICIAN #2
The teenager's braces around the backseat ashtray would make a good "anti-smoking" ad.

JACK (V.O.)
The car crashes and burns with everyone trapped inside. Now: do we initiate a recall?

TECHNICIAN #1
The father must've been huge. See how the fat burnt into the driver's seat with his polyester shirt? Very "modern art."

JACK (V.O.)
Take the number of vehicles in the field, (A), and multiply it by the probable rate of failure, (B), then multiply the result by the average out-of-court settlement, (C). A times B times C equals X...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - MOVING DOWN RUNWAY

Jack is speaking to the BUSINESSWOMAN next to him.

JACK
If X is less than the cost of a recall, we don't do one.

BUSINESS WOMAN
Are there a lot of these kinds of accidents?

JACK
Oh, you wouldn't believe.

(CONTINUED)

BUSINESS WOMAN
... Which... car company do you work for?

JACK
A major one.

Turgid silence. Jack turns to the window. He sees a PELICAN get SUCKED into the TURBINE.

JACK (V.O.)
Every time the plane banked too sharply on take-off or landing, I prayed for a crash, or a mid-air collision -- anything.

Jack's face remains bland during the following: the plane BUCKLES -- the cabin wobbles. People panic. Masks drop.

JACK (V.O.)
No more haircuts. Nothing matters, not even bad breath.

The side of the plane SHEARS OFF! Screaming PASSENGERS are sucked out into the night air, flying past the quivering wing. Magazines and other objects fly everywhere.

JACK (V.O.)
Life insurance pays off triple if you die on a business trip.

Jack remains in his same position, same bland expression.

DING! -- the seatbelt light goes OUT. Jack SNAPS AWAKE. EVERYTHING IS NORMAL. Some passengers get out of their seats. From next to Jack, a VOICE we've heard before...

VOICE
There are three ways to make napalm. One, mix equal parts of gasoline and frozen orange juice...

Jack turns to see TYLER. Without turning to Jack, Tyler continues:

TYLER
Two, equal parts gasoline and diet cola. Three, dissolve kitty-litter in gasoline until the mixture is thick.

JACK
Pardon me?

Tyler turns to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
This is how I met --

TYLER
Tyler Durden.

Tyler offers his hand. Jack takes it.

TYLER
You know why they have oxygen masks on planes?

JACK
No, supply oxygen?

TYLER
Oxygen gets you high. In a catastrophic emergency, we're taking giant, panicked breaths...

Tyler grabs a safety instruction CARD from the seatback, hands it to Jack.

TYLER
Suddenly, we become euphoric and docile. We accept our fate.

Tyler points to passive faces on the drawn figures.

TYLER
Emergency water landing, 600 miles per hour. Blank faces -- calm as Hindu cows.

Jack laughs.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER
What do you want me to do?

JACK
I mean -- for a living.

TYLER
Why? So you can say, "Oh, that's what you do." -- And be a smug little shit about it?

Jack laughs. Tyler reaches under the seat in front of him and lifts a BRIEFCASE.

TYLER
You have a kind of sick desperation in your laugh.

(CONTINUED)

Jack points to his own briefcase.

JACK
We have the same briefcase.

Tyler turns the top of his briefcase toward Jack.

TYLER
Open it.

Jack looks at Tyler, then pops the latches and raises the lid to reveal quaintly-wrapped bars of SOAP.

TYLER
Soap -- the yardstick of civilization.
(reaches in his pocket)
I make and sell soap...

Tyler hands Jack his card. "THE PAPER STREET SOAP COMPANY."

TYLER
If one were to add nitric acid to the soap-making process, one would get nitroglycerin. With enough soap, one could blow up the world, if one were so inclined.

Tyler SNAPS the briefcase shut. Jack stares.

JACK
Tyler, you are by far the most interesting "single-serving" friend I've ever met.

Tyler stares back. Jack, enjoying his own chance to be witty, leans closer to Tyler.

JACK
You see, when you travel, everything is small, self-contained--

TYLER
The spork. I get it. You're very clever.

JACK
Thank you.

TYLER
How's that working out for you?

JACK
What?

TYLER
Being clever.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(thrown)
Well, uh... great.

TYLER
Keep it up, then. Keep it right up.

Tyler stands, looks towards the aisle.

TYLER
... As I squeeze past, do I give you the ass or the crotch?

Tyler moves to the aisle, his ass toward Jack, walks away...

TYLER
We are defined by the choices we make.

Tyler goes to the curtain dividing First Class, slaps the curtain aside and sits in an empty seat. Jack watches.

JACK (V.O.)
How I came to live with Tyler is: airlines have this policy about vibrating luggage.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

Utterly empty of baggage. No people except for Jack and a SECURITY TASK FORCE MAN. The Security TFM, smirking, holds a receiver to his ear from an official phone on the wall.

SECURITY TFM
(to Jack)
Throwers don't worry about ticking. Modern bombs don't tick.

JACK
Excuse me? "Throwers?"

SECURITY TFM
Baggage handlers. But when a suitcase vibrates, the throwers have to call the police.

JACK
My suitcase was <u>vibrating</u>?

SECURITY TFM
Nine time out of ten, it's an electric razor. But, every once in a while ...
(whispers)
...it's a dildo. It's airline policy not to imply ownership in the event of a dildo.

(More)

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY TFM (cont)
We use the indefinite article: "A dildo." Never "Your dildo."

Jack sees, through the window, Tyler, at the curb, throwing his briefcase into the back of a shiny, red CONVERTIBLE. Tyler leaps over the door into the driver's seat and PEELS OUT. Jack turns away, looks at the Security TFM.

In the background, a HARRIED MAN dashes after Tyler and the convertible, SCREAMING.

JACK
(to Security TFM)
I had everything in that bag. My C.K. shirts... my D.K.N.Y. shoes...

SECURITY TFM
(into phone)
Yeah, uh huh... yeah?
(pause, still on phone)
Oh...

EXT. EMPTY RUNWAY

A lone SUITCASE sits on the concrete. SECURITY PERSONNEL keep their distance. KABOOM! The suitcase explodes.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - RESUMING

The Security TFM, shakes his head, hangs up.

SECURITY TFM
I'm terribly sorry.

The Security TFM hands Jack a claim form. Jack snatches it, disgusted, takes out a pen, starts filling out the form.

SECURITY TFM
You know the industry slang for "Flight Attendant?" "Air Mattress."

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Along a residential street. Jack looks ahead, sees a tall, grey, bland BUILDING on the corner.

JACK (V.O.)
Home was a condo on the fifteenth floor of a filing cabinet for widows and young professionals. The walls were solid concrete. A foot of concrete is important when your next-door neighbor lets her hearing aid go and has to watch game shows at full volume ...

(CONTINUED)

The taxi turns a corner and Jack sees the front of the building. A diffuse CLOUD of SMOKE wafts away from a BLOWN-OUT SECTION on the fifteenth floor. FIRETRUCKS, POLICE CARS and a MOB are all crowded around the lobby area.

JACK (V.O.)
-- Or when a volcanic blast of debris that used to be your furniture and personal effects blows out your floor-to-ceiling windows and sails flaming into the night.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUILDING

Jack, gaping at the sight above him, absently gives the Cabbie money. The taxi pulls away. Jack starts toward the building. He pushes through the fray of people, into the...

INT. LOBBY

The DOORMAN sees Jack enter, gives a sad smile, shakes his head. Jack starts for the elevator.

DOORMAN
There's nothing up there.

Jack presses the button. The Doorman moves next to him.

DOORMAN
You can't go into the unit. Police orders.

The elevator doors open. Jack hesitates. The doors close. Jack heads out the lobby doors. The Doorman follows...

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks past SMOKING, CHARRED DEBRIS -- a flash of ORANGE from the Yang table, a CLOCK FACE from the hall clock, part of an arm from the GREEN ARMCHAIR. His feet CRUNCH glass.

JACK (V.O.)
How embarrassing.

DOORMAN
Do you have somebody you can call?

Jack comes to his REFRIGERATOR lying on its side. He reaches down and takes a note: "MARLA --" and a phone number, from under a BANANA MAGNET. CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S STOVE

Hissing.

JACK (V.O.)
The police would later tell me that the pilot light might have gone out... letting out just a little bit of gas.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack gets to a PAYPHONE. The Doorman follows, watching him.

DOORMAN
Lots of young people try to impress the world and buy too many things.

Jack picks up the receiver, puts in a quarter. He looks at Marla's number a long moment.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ENTIRE CONDO - KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM

The SOUND of the HISS...

JACK (V.O.)
The gas could have slowly filled the condo. Seventeen-hundred square feet with high ceilings, for days and days.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack replaces the receiver. He pockets Marla's number, digs out a small FILOFAX. He flips through the pages for phone numbers and addresses. Most of the pages are blank.

DOORMAN
Many young people feel trapped and desperate.

INSERT - CLOSE ON THE BASE OF JACK'S REFRIGERATOR

JACK (V.O.)
Then, the refrigerator's compressor could have clicked on...

Click. KABOOM! SCREEN GOES WHITE.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack looks at the Doorman. Tyler's BUSINESS CARD falls from the Filofax. Jack catches it.

DOORMAN
If you don't know what you want, you end up with a lot you don't.

The doorman walks away. Jack stares at Tyler's card.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
If you asked me now, I couldn't tell you why I called him.

Jack re-deposits the quarter, dials Tyler's number. It RINGS... and RINGS and RINGS. Jack sighs and hangs up the phone. A moment, then the phone RINGS.

JACK
Hello?

TYLER'S VOICE
Who's this?

JACK
Tyler?

TYLER'S VOICE
Who's this?

JACK
Uh... I'm sorry. We met on the plane. We had the same briefcase. I'm... you know, the clever guy.

TYLER'S VOICE
Oh, yeah.

JACK
I just called a second ago. There was no answer. I'm at a payphone.

TYLER'S VOICE
I star-sixty-nined you. I never pick up my phone. What's up?

JACK
Well... let me see... here's the thing...

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A small building in the middle of a concrete parking lot.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

Jack and Tyler sit in the back, with a pitcher of BEER.

JACK
You buy furniture. You tell yourself: this is the last sofa I'll ever need. No matter what else happens, I've got the sofa issue handled. Then, the right set of dishes. The right dinette.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
This is how we fill up our lives.

Tyler lights a cigarette.

JACK
I guess so.

TYLER
And, now it's gone.

JACK
All gone.

Tyler offers cigarettes. Jack declines.

TYLER
Could be worse. A woman could cut off your penis while you're asleep and toss it out the window of a moving car.

JACK
There's always that.

TYLER
I don't know, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it's a terrible tragedy.

JACK
...no ...no ...

TYLER
I mean, you did lose a lot of nice, neat little shit. The trendy paper lamps, the Euro-trash shelving unit, am I right?

Jack laughs, nods. He shakes his head, drinks.

TYLER
But maybe, just maybe, you've been delivered.

JACK
(toasts)
Delivered from Swedish furniture.

TYLER
Delivered from armchairs in obscure green stripe patterns.

JACK
Delivered from Martha Stewart.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
Delivered from bullshit colors like "Cobalt," "Ebony," and "Fuchsia."

They laugh together. Then, silence. They drink.

JACK
Insurance'll cover it.

TYLER
Oh, yeah, you gotta start making the list.

JACK
What list?

TYLER
The "now I get to go out and buy the exact same stuff all over again" list. That list.

JACK
I don't... think so.

TYLER
This time maybe get a widescreen TV. You'll be occupied for weeks.

JACK
Well, I have to file a claim...

TYLER
The things you own, they end up owning you.

JACK
Don't I?

TYLER
Do what you like.

JACK
(looks at watch)
God, it's late. I should find a hotel...

TYLER
A hotel?

JACK
Yeah.

TYLER
So, you called me up, because you just wanted to have a drink before you... go find a hotel?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I don't follow...

TYLER
We're on our third pitcher of beer. Just ask me.

JACK
Huh?

TYLER
You called me so you could have a place to stay.

JACK
No, I...

TYLER
Why don't you cut the shit and ask if you can stay at my place?

JACK
Would that be a problem?

TYLER
Is it a problem for you to ask?

JACK
Can I stay at your place?

TYLER
Yes, you can.

JACK
Thank you.

TYLER
You're welcome. But, I want you to do me one favor.

JACK
What's that?

TYLER
I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

JACK
What?

TYLER
I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

Freeze picture.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
Let me tell you a little bit about Tyler Durden.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - FILM FRAME

-- And we see it's PORNOGRAPHY.

INT. PROJECTIONIST ROOM - THEATRE - NIGHT

Jack, in the foreground, FACES CAMERA. In the BACKGROUND, Tyler sits at a bench, looking at individual FRAMES cut from movies. Near him, a PROJECTOR rolls film.

JACK
Tyler was a night person. He sometimes worked as a projectionist. A movie doesn't come in one big reel, it's on a few. In old theaters, two projectors are used, so someone has to change projectors at the exact second when one reel ends and another reel begins. Sometimes you can see two dots on screen in the upper right hand corner...

Tyler points to the side of OUR FRAME and the TWO DOTS briefly APPEAR ONSCREEN.

TYLER
They're called "cigarette burns."

JACK
It's called a "changeover." The movie goes on, and nobody in the audience has any idea.

TYLER
Why would anyone want this shitty job?

JACK
It affords him other interesting opportunities.

TYLER
-- Like splicing single frames from adult movies into family films.

JACK
In reel three, right after the courageous dog and the snooty cat -- who have celebrity voices -- eat out of a garbage can, there's the flash of Tyler's contribution...

In the AUDIENCE, CHILDREN suddenly start squirming, confused, looking at each other.

-(CONTINUED)

A WOMAN abruptly stops sucking her soda straw, feeling vaguely terrible. Her uncomfortable HUSBAND slowly leans back in his seat.

Jack and Tyler watch from the projection booth window.

TYLER
One-forty-eighth of a second. That's how long it's up there.

JACK
No one really knows they've seen it. But they did.

TYLER
A nice, big cock.

JACK
Only a hummingbird could have caught Tyler at work.

INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Tyler moves around one of many tables, setting down SOUP BOWLS. Jack stands in the same position, FACING CAMERA.

JACK
Tyler also worked as a banquet waiter at the luxurious Pressman Hotel.

The GUESTS command the WAITERS with snaps of fingers.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack turns and WE PAN to Tyler, standing by a CART with a giant SOUP TUREEN. His hands are at his open fly and he's in position to piss into the soup.

JACK
He was the guerrilla terrorist of the food service industry.

TYLER
Don't watch. I can't if you watch.

Jack waits. The SOUND of a STREAM of LIQUID is HEARD.

TYLER
... Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

JACK
He farted on meringue; he sneezed on braised endive; and, with creme of mushroom soup, well...

TYLER (O.S.)
Go ahead. Say it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You get the idea.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN - RESUMING

Tyler and Jack come out the back door.

JACK
I don't know about this.

TYLER
I don't know, either. I want to find out. I've never been hit, have you?

JACK
No. That's a good thing, isn't it?

TYLER
I don't want to die without any scars. How much can you really know about yourself if you've never been in a fight? Come on... you're the only person I've ever asked.

JACK
Me?

Jack stares at him.

TYLER
Why not you? I'm letting you go first. Do it.

JACK
This is crazy.

TYLER
Alright, go crazy. Let 'er rip.

JACK
Where do you want it? In the face?

TYLER
Surprise me.

Jack swings a wide, clumsy roundhouse -- hits Tyler's neck -- makes a dull, flat sound.

JACK
Shit. Sorry. That didn't count.

TYLER
Like hell. That counted.

Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's chest. Jack falls back against a car. His eyes tear up.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
How do you feel?

JACK
Strange.

TYLER
But a good strange.

JACK
Is it?

TYLER
We've crossed the threshold. You want to call it off?

JACK
Call what off?

TYLER
The fight.

JACK
What fight?

TYLER
This fight, pussy.

Jack swings another roundhouse that slams right under Tyler's ear. Tyler punches Jack in the stomach. Tyler and Jack move clumsily, throwing punches. They breathe heavier, drooling saliva and blood, growing dizzier from every impact.

EXT. CURBSIDE - LATER

Jack and Tyler sit on the curb, watching sparse headlights on the nearby freeway. Their eyes are glazed with endorphin-induced serenity. They look at each other, laugh. Look away.

TYLER
If you could fight anyone... one on one, whoever you wanted, who would you fight?

JACK
Anyone?

TYLER
Anyone.

Jack thinks.

JACK
My boss, probably.
(pause)
Who would you fight?

TYLER
My dad. No question.

A long pause as Jack studies Tyler's face.

JACK
Oh, yeah.
(nodding)
I didn't know my dad. Well, I knew him, till I was six. He went and married another woman, had more kids. Every six years or so he'd do it again -- new city, new family.

TYLER
He was setting up franchises. My father never went to college, so it was really important that I go.

JACK
I know that.

TYLER
After I graduated, I called him long distance and asked, "Now what?" He said, "Get a job." When I turned twenty-five, I called him and asked, "Now what?" He said, "I don't know. Get married."

JACK
Same here.

TYLER
A generation of men raised by women. I'm wondering if another woman is the answer we really need.

Another pause. Jack feels his bleeding lip, smiles.

JACK
We should do this again sometime.

Tyler cracks a smile, gives a sidelong glance to Jack.

EXT. PAPER STREET - NIGHT

A street sign: "PAPER STREET." A PAPER MILL sits on one side, facing a lone HOUSE on the other. The rest of the land is grass and weeds. It's a grand, old three-story, long abandoned. Tyler leads Jack toward it.

JACK
Where's your car?

TYLER
What car?

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
I don't know how Tyler found the house, but he'd been there for half a year.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Tyler leads Jack through the FRONT DOOR...

JACK (V.O.)
It looked like it was waiting to be torn down. Most of the windows were boarded up.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Jack climb CREAKY STAIRS to the 2ND FLOOR LANDING.

JACK (V.O.)
None of the doors locked. The stairs were ready to collapse. I didn't know if he owned it or he was squatting.

Tyler opens the door to a ROOM...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, sits on the creaky BED. Dust drifts upwards.

JACK (V.O.)
Neither would have surprised me.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Jack turns on the water. LOUD VIBRATIONS from the walls. Water spits in starts.

JACK (V.O.)
Nothing worked. The rusty plumbing leaked. Turning on a light meant another light in the house went out.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the tavern's lights are off. Tyler and Jack FIGHT. FIVE GUYS stand around watching.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, his face showing NEW BRUISES AND CUTS, makes coffee with a wire-mesh strainer. Tyler shuffles in, wearing a flannel bathrobe. He spears pieces of bread on a fork, starts ROASTING them over a burner.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
There were no neighbors. Just warehouses and the paper mill. The fart smell of steam, the hamster cage smell of wood chips.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack sits watching as Tyler SWINGS an old GOLF CLUB -- TWHACK -- sends a golf ball soaring down the desolate street.

JACK (V.O.)
At night, Tyler and I were alone for half a mile in every direction.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. TEN GUYS YELL, standing around Jack and Tyler, who FIGHT. THREE CARS are parked in the lot.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jack sits on basement stairs, watching as Tyler, knee-deep in water, works at an open FUSEBOX, flipping breakers in a certain order, showing Jack how it's done.

JACK (V.O.)
When it rained, we had to kill the power. By the end of the first month, I didn't care about TV. I didn't mind the warm, stale refrigerator.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES BURN. Tyler and Jack are seated across from each other on the buckled floor, reading MAGAZINES. Rain DRIPS from the ceiling. No furniture. THOUSANDS of MAGAZINES.

JACK (V.O.)
The previous occupant had been a bit of a shut-in.

TYLER
(of magazine)
Hum.

JACK
What?

TYLER
Oh, a new riot control grenade...
(reading)
"...the successful combination of concussive, 3000 foot-candle flash-blasts and simultaneous high-velocity disbursement of...blah, blah, blah..."

(CONTINUED)

Tyler begins RIPPING the ARTICLE from his magazine.

JACK
("Reader's Digest")
"I am Joe's Lungs." It's written in first person. "Without me, Joe could not take in oxygen to feed his red blood cells." There's a whole series -- "I am Joe's Prostate."

TYLER
"I get cancer, and I kill Joe."

Tyler tosses his article in a pile of other articles, chooses another magazine.

JACK
What are you reading?

TYLER
Soldier of Fortune. Business Week. New Republic.

JACK
Show-off.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. Jack and Tyler stand amidst FIFTEEN GUYS around TWO GUYS FIGHTING. The crowd YELLS MORE WILDLY than before. In the background are EIGHT PARKED CARS.

JACK (V.O.)
I should have been haggling with my insurance company. I should have been looking for a new condo...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks along. He stops, looking at a CHURCH with SUPPORT-GROUP-PEOPLE milling around the entrance, drinking coffee and sodas. Marla's there, amongst them, smoking.

JACK (V.O.)
.... I should have been upset about my nice, neat, flaming little shit.

Jack's face shows no reaction. He continues to walk.

JACK (V.O.)
But I wasn't.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, in work clothes, interlocks his fingers and POPS his knuckles, picks up a saucepan with coffee and sips. Tyler, in waiter's uniform, comes to have Jack straighten his tie.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
Most of the week, we were Ozzie and Harriet.

Jack picks up his briefcase and walks out the door.

JACK (V.O.)
But, Wednesday night, every Wednesday night...

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. No one around, but there are at least TWENTY-FIVE CARS parked in the full lot.

JACK (V.O.)
... we were finding something out: we were finding out, more and more, that we were not alone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A SLIDE SHOW progresses, run by a chipper salesman, WALTER. Jack sits, deadpan, with a PUFFY LIP and a BRUISED cheek.

JACK (V.O.)
Thursday mornings, all I could do was think about next week.

Boss gives Jack a dubious look. Walter's next SLIDE: a COMPUTER SCREEN.

WALTER
The basic premise of cyber-netting your office is -- make things more efficient.

BOSS
Can I get the icon in cornflower blue?

WALTER
Absolutely.

Walter continues, his sales pitch drowned out by Jack's V.O.:

JACK (V.O.)
Walter, the Microsoft account exec. Walter, with his smooth, soft hands. Maybe he was thinking about the free-range potluck he'd been to last weekend, or his church-group car-wash fund-raiser. Or, probably not.

Walter moves to Jack and slaps his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER
I showed this already to my man here. You liked it, didn't you?

Jack smiles. His teeth are RED with BLOOD. They GLOW eerily in the dim light.

JACK (V.O.)
You can swallow a pint of blood before you get sick.

WALTER
Jesus, I'd hate to see what happened to the other guy.

Jack keeps the smile frozen on his face.

JACK (V.O.)
Screw Walter. His candy-ass wouldn't last a second Wednesday night.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Out of silent darkness, HEADLIGHTS appear from all directions. CARS PULL UP and park in the already-packed lot. YOUNG MEN get out and march into the tavern...

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

The men, including Jack and Tyler, enter and stand against the back wall, waiting. The bartender, IRVINE, calls out:

IRVINE
Drink up people. We're closing.

Irvine flicks on the LIGHTS. Drunken customers squint and get the message. They plop down money, leaving.

JACK (V.O.)
It was right in everyone's face. Tyler and I just made it visible.

Irvine hits a button and the JUKEBOX loses power. Members of the waiting army begins to share secret looks. Finally, one guy locks the door. Two other guys close the blinds.

JACK (V.O.)
It was on the tip of everyone's tongue. Tyler and I just gave it a name.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT — SAME

A BOMB-SHELTER. Concrete walls. One BARE BULB above, Tyler standing directly beneath it.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
Welcome to fight club.

The guys mill around, finding partners. Everyone brims with eagerness, but tries to act cool. CHATTER gets LOUDER. Everyone spreads out, forming a circle, Tyler at center.

JACK (V.O.)
Every week, Tyler gave the rules that he and I decided.

PEAKING CHATTER, till Tyler raises his arms and the CHATTER DIES. A couple of COUGHS, FEET SHUFFLING, then, SILENCE.

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is -- you don't talk about fight club. The second rule of fight club is -- you don't talk about fight club. The third rule of fight club is -- when someone says "stop" or goes limp, the fight is over. Fourth rule is -- only two guys to a fight. Fifth rule -- one fight at a time. Sixth rule -- no shirts, no shoes. Seventh rule -- fights go on as long as they have to. And the eighth and final rule -- if this is your first night at fight club, you <u>have</u> to fight.

Tyler steps back. A short guy, RICKY, and a GOATEED MAN take off shirts and shoes and step to the center.

JACK (V.O.)
This kid, Ricky -- supply clerk -- couldn't remember whether you ordered pens with blue ink or black ink ...

The two fighters circle, then begin throwing PUNCHES...

JACK (V.O.)
But Ricky was a god for ten minutes last week when he trounced an actuary twice his size.

Harder, faster PUNCHES between the two. SWEAT flies. SHOUTS become DEAFENING. Ricky's getting the best of Goateed Man, POUNDING him...

JACK (V.O.)
Sometimes all you could hear were flat, hard packing sounds over the yelling, or the wet choke when someone caught their breath and sprayed...

(CONTINUED)

GOATEED MAN
(spittle-lipped)
Ssssstop... !

INT. OFFICE PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, eating lunch, watches the BROKEN-NOSED WAITER with a GOATEE -- from the above fight -- converse with a MAITRE D'.

JACK (V.O.)
Even if I could tell someone they had a good fight, I wouldn't be talking to the same man.

The Goateed Waiter approaches Jack and sets a refill soda down on the table. The two of them briefly make eye contact.

JACK (V.O.)
Who you were in fight club is not who you were in the rest of the world.

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - DAY

Jack stands over a copy machine, hit by flashes of light. He glances over his shoulder, watches Ricky, wearing an apron, push a supply cart. Ricky nods at Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
You weren't alive anywhere like you were there. But fight club only exists in the hours between when fight club starts and when fight club ends.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, playing SOLITAIRE on his computer, daubs blood from his mouth with a handkerchief. Boss, passing by the doorway, looks in at Jack, irritated.

BOSS
What are you getting yourself into every week?

Jack keeps playing Solitaire. Boss enters, fold his arms.

JACK (V.O.)
After fight club, everything else in your life gets the volume turned down. You can deal with anything.

BOSS
Have you finished those reports?

JACK
(handing him reports)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
The people who had power over you have less and less.

Jack looks at Boss. Reflexively, Jack's tongue plays with his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
By this point, I could wiggle most of the teeth in my jaw.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Tyler and Jack walk, both smoking cigarettes.

JACK (V.O.)
A guy came to fight club for the first time, his ass was a wad of cookie dough. After a few weeks, he was carved out of wood.

JACK
If you could fight any celebrity?

TYLER
Alive or dead?

JACK
Doesn't matter.

TYLER
Hemingway. You?

JACK
Shatner. William Shatner.

They reach a BUS STOP as a BUS arrives, tossing their cigarettes, getting on board...

INT. BUS - DUSK

The bus is crowded. As Tyler and Jack walk toward the back, Jack studies the faces of OTHER PASSENGERS...

JACK (V.O.)
We all started seeing things differently. Wherever we went.

They hold hand grips. Jack looks up at an ADVERTISEMENT; a CALVIN KLEIN ad featuring a tan, bare-chested MUSCLE-STUD.

JACK (V.O.)
I felt sorry for all the guys packing into gyms, trying to look like what Calvin Klein and Tommy Hilfiger said they should.

(CONTINUED)

Tyler looks at Jack, looks at the C.K. advertisement.

TYLER
Self-improvement is masturbation.
Self-destruction is the answer.

A MAN in a suit KNOCKS Tyler's shoulder as he passes. The Man takes a handle, close by. Jack's pissed, staring at the man, who stares back.

JACK
(to Tyler, so the Man can hear)
You could take him.

Tyler looks to Jack, glances over his shoulder at the Man. Tyler casually picks a small scab off Jack's nostril.

TYLER
The trick is not to care.

Tyler stares forward.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tyler HITS the floor, stomach first. HIS OPPONENT lands on top of him, grappling, trying for a CHOKE HOLD. The surrounding CROWD, Jack included, SCREAMS at them...

Tyler and the Opponent wrestle desperately, and Tyler flips his attacker, gets on top, sprawling to PIN him. Tyler turns -- starts reining PUNCHES into his Opponent's GROIN...

CUT TO:

Jack lands a couple of BLOWS to HIS OPPONENT'S stomach -- brings up a left uppercut that smashes the Opponent's jaw. Tiny spatters of BLOOD adorn the walls, along with sweat.

Jack catches sight of a swollen-faced Tyler, watching appreciatively, a smile growing slowly on his face.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club wasn't about winning or losing. It wasn't about words.

The Opponent recovers, throws a headlock on Jack. Jack snakes his arm into a counter headlock. They wrestle like wild animals. The crowd CHEERS maniacally.

JACK (V.O.)
The hysterical shouting was in tongues, like at a Pentecostal church.

Onlookers kneel to stay with the fight, cheering LOUDER. The Opponent SMASHES Jack's head to the floor, over and over.

JACK
.... stop...

JACK (V.O.)
When the fight was over, nothing was solved, but nothing mattered.

Everyone moves in as the Opponent steps away. Tyler pushes through the crowd. Others lift Jack up. They turn their attention to the floor, to a BLOOD MASK of Jack's face -- similar to the TEAR MASK on BOB'S SHIRT.

TYLER
Cool.

Jack limply shakes his Opponent's hand.

OPPONENT
How about next week?

JACK
Look at me. How about next month?

Everyone helps Jack walk. He's sweating, bleeding, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)
Afterwards, we all felt saved.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE tends to Jack while Tyler watches.

TYLER
He fell down some stairs.

The Nurse doesn't look at Tyler, just keeps tending to Jack.

JACK
I fell down some stairs.

JACK (V.O.)
Sometimes Tyler spoke for me.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Tyler and Jack share the cracked MIRROR. Tyler's clipping at his hair with blunt, ill-suited SCISSORS. Jack's brushing his teeth, spitting out pink foam.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club became the reason to cut your hair short and trim your fingernails.

TYLER
Any historical figure.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Okay... Ghandi.

TYLER
Good answer.

JACK
You?

TYLER
Abe Lincoln. Big reach. Skinny guys fight till they're burger.

Jack reaches in his mouth, exploring, pulls -- yanks a TOOTH. Jack looks at it. Tyler puts scissors down, done.

TYLER
Remember, even the Mona Lisa's falling apart.

Jack drops the tooth in the sink with Tyler's hair.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack enters, buttoning his shirt. The PHONE RINGS.

JACK
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - SAME

Marla's in the HALL, on the PAYPHONE, twisting the phone cord around her neck.

MARLA
Where have you been the last few weeks?

JACK
Marla?

Jack looks through the archway and sees Tyler, in his gummy flannel bathrobe, doing sit-ups. Jack leans, cups the phone.

JACK
(quietly)
How did you find me?

MARLA
The forwarding number. I haven't seen you at any support groups.

JACK
That's the idea -- we split them.

MARLA
You haven't been going to yours.

JACK
I found a new one.

MARLA
Really?

JACK
It's for men.

MARLA
Like testicular cancer?

JACK
Look, this is a bad time...

MARLA
I've been going to debtor's anonymous. You want to see some truly fucked up people?

JACK
I'm just on my way out...

MARLA
Me too. I got a stomach full of Xanax. I took what was left of a bottle. Might've been too much.

Jack looks exasperated, turns TO LOOK INTO THE CAMERA.

JACK (V.O.)
Picture yourself watching Marla Singer throw herself around her crummy apartment.

MARLA
This isn't a for-real suicide thing. This is probably one of those cry-for-help things.

JACK (V.O.)
This could go on for hours.

JACK
So, you're staying in tonight?

MARLA
Do you want to wait to hear me describe death?

Jack puts the handset on top of the phone, still off the hook, walks out the back door.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA'S VOICE
Do you want to listen and see if my spirit can use the telephone?

Thru the archway: Tyler leans to look in, curious.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

GRUNTS of PLEASURE and EXERTION. Glimpses of TORSOS, ASSES, LEGS, ARMS, BREASTS, and FEMALE HAIR, all DRENCHED in SWEAT. Sheets RIP. Bodies hit the FLOOR. Insane GRUNTING and LAUGHING. A flash of MARLA'S FACE. CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Jack sits up in bed, looks around the room.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING

Jack steps out of his room. The neighboring door is closed.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's door was closed. I'd been living here two months, and Tyler's door was never closed.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jack stares into the TOILET, looking at SIX USED CONDOMS.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, sips coffee, reads Reader's Digest. He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

JACK
You're not going to believe what I dreamt last night.

Marla walks in, straightening her dress, looks like she's been raped by a hurricane. Jack's jaw drops.

MARLA
I can hardly believe <u>anything</u> about last night.

Marla goes to pour coffee. She takes a swig, GARGLES and SPITS it in the sink. She gives Jack a lascivious smile.

JACK
What are you doing here?

MARLA
What... ?

JACK
What the hell are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

Marla stares at him a beat, then drops the cup in the sink.

MARLA
Fuck you.

Marla shoves open the door to the backyard and walks out. Jack gets up, watches her stomp away.

Jack turns and -- Tyler is at his shoulder, staring after Marla. He's in his usual sweatpants. He grins at Jack, then moves away, pours himself coffee. Jack, smoldering, slumps at the table and picks up Reader's Digest. Tyler puts his foot on a countertop, does stretching exercises.

TYLER
She's a piece of work. Get this -- I come in here last night, the phone's off the hook...

Jack pretends to read, quickly glances at Tyler. TYLER'S VOICE FADES...

JACK (V.O.)
I already knew the story before he told it to me.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler enters, gently lifts the handset and listens.

MARLA'S VOICE
(from handset)
I'll tell you when I'm floating out of my body.

Tyler smiles.

JACK (V.O.)
How could Tyler, of all people, think it was a bad thing that Marla Singer was about to die?

INT. MARLA'S - 8TH FLOOR LANDING - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler, a wry smile on his face, ambles up the stairs, looking at the rotting walls. He reaches the top of the stairs and heads for Marla's room. Before he can knock, Marla's hand shoots out and grabs him...

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Marla pulls Tyler inside and shuts the door. Her drugged eyes look him over.

MARLA
You got here fast.

(CONTINUED)

She staggers and sits on the bed. She slides off, along with the blanket and sheets, to the floor.

MARLA
The mattresses are all sealed in slippery plastic.

She tries to focus her eyes on Tyler.

MARLA
Did I call you?

Tyler studies her with cynical curiosity, looks at a DILDO lying atop a dresser. Marla follows his gaze.

MARLA
Don't worry. It's not a threat to you.

SIRENS and vehicles SCREECHING outside can be HEARD; doors opening and SLAMMING; running FOOTFALLS.

MARLA
Oh, no! Somebody called the cops...

She gets to her feet, grabs Tyler, pulls him out the door.

INT. HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Marla LOCKS her door, then pulls Tyler toward the STAIRCASE. COPS and PARAMEDICS charge up with oxygen and medical kits. Marla and Tyler flatten against the wall to let them pass.

COP
8-G! Where's 8-G?

MARLA
(pointing)
End of the hall.

The rescuers keep running.

MARLA
(calling after)
The girl who lives there used to be a charming, lovely girl, but she's lost faith in herself...

COP
Miss Singer, let us help you! You have every reason to live!

Marla yanks Tyler's arm, heading down the stairs.

MARLA
She's a monster! Infectious human waste! Good luck trying to save her!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler makes coffee. Marla slouches against the refrigerator.

MARLA
If I fall asleep, I'm done for. You're gonna have to keep me up all night.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

Tyler chuckles, shakes his head.

TYLER
Unbelievable, huh?

JACK (V.O.)
He was obviously able to handle it.

Tyler stands across from Jack, gets a cigarette from a pack.

TYLER
I mean, this girl... uh, you're not into her or anything... ?

JACK
No. Not at all.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Raging Bile Duct.

Tyler lights his cigarette.

TYLER
You're sure?

JACK
Yeah, I'm sure.

TYLER
Good. This chick was up on the table with her legs in the stirrups before the doctor even walked in the room. The things that she said... I've never heard a woman talk like that...

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler smokes, post-coital. Marla puts her lips to his ear.

MARLA
(whispering)
I want to have your abortion.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

Tyler laughs, shakes his head. Jack's gripping his Reader's Digest just a little too tight.

JACK (V.O.)
How could Tyler not go for that? Night before last, he was splicing sex organs into "Little Mermaid."

Tyler sits, studies Jack's face.

TYLER
You're okay with this?

JACK
I'm fine.

JACK (V.O.)
Put a gun to my head and paint the wall with my brains.

Tyler smokes.

TYLER
She is a wild, twisted bitch. Stay away from that one.

JACK
Oh, and my pace is more librarians.

TYLER
Hey... don't knock librarians.

JACK
Marla doesn't need a lover. She needs a case worker.

TYLER
She needs an exorcist. This isn't love. This is sport-fucking.

JACK (V.O.)
She'd invaded my support groups, now she's invading my home.

TYLER
Listen... do me a favor... sit here a minute...

Tyler pulls out a closer chair, motions to it. Jack puts down his Reader's Digest and moves to that chair.

JACK
What?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
You've gotta understand something about me. I have a little rule, okay? Don't ever talk to her about me. Ever. I can't stand that kind of shit.

Tyler fixes Jack with a friendly, but firm stare.

TYLER
If you ever say anything about me or about what happens here in this house, to her or anyone -- I will find out. And you'll never see me again. Promise me.

JACK
Okay.

TYLER
Promise you won't?

JACK
Yes, I promise.

TYLER
Promise?

JACK
I said I promise!

TYLER
That was three times you promised.

Tyler smiles, gets up and leaves. Jack sits smoldering.

JACK (V.O.)
If only I had wasted a couple of minutes and gone to watch Marla die, none of this would have happened.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack watches TV at HIGH VOLUME. SOUNDS of SEX from upstairs.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies calmly on his bed, staring at the ceiling. Sounds of THUMPS and CRASHES from beyond the wall.

MARLA'S VOICE
(muffled through wall)
Miserable fucking discharge!

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
I could've moved to another room, one on the third floor -- so I wouldn't have heard them. But I didn't.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SOUNDS of RAIN. Jack flips FUSES off, then walks upstairs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - SAME

Jack walks, HEARS Marla SCREAM in orgasm. He reaches the landing. Tyler's door is ajar. Jack peeks in...

Marla's legs are sprawled on the bed. The door PUSHES OPEN WIDER -- Tyler, naked, stands CLOSE TO CAMERA.

TYLER
What are you doing?

Jack steps back.

JACK
I... uh... just going to bed.

Tyler scratches his head, wears a RUBBER GLOVE.

TYLER
You want to finish her off?

JACK
Uh... nah...

Jack continues toward his room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
I became the calm, little center of the world. I was the Zen master.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER MONITOR

Haiku is BEING TYPED in a trendy, italicized font:

"Worker bees can leave
Even drones can fly away
The queen is their slave"

JACK (V.O.)
I wrote little haiku poems.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's clothes are PERMANENTLY STAINED with BLOOD. He sits in Zen pose, cigarette in mouth, finishes typing Haiku.

JACK (V.O.)
I faxed them around to everyone.

He hits "SEND," gets the "ERROR CHIME" SOUND. He presses this key over and over. Boss enters.

BOSS
Is that your blood?

JACK
Some of it, yes.

Boss stares at Jack like he's from Mars.

BOSS
Take the rest of the day off. Come back tomorrow with clean clothes. Get yourself together.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jack's leaving, looks like a war casualty, passing COWORKERS who coldly stare at him. His face is totally passive.

JACK (V.O.)
I got right in everyone's hostile little face. Yes, these are bruises from fighting. I'm comfortable with them. I am enlightened.

EXT. PAPER STREET - SUNSET

Jack walks toward the HOUSE.

JACK (V.O.)
You give up the condo life, give up all your flaming worldly possessions, go live in a dilapidated house in the toxic waste part of town...

INT. TYLER'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

Jack walks in. SOUNDS of VIOLENT SEX and a POLAROID CAMERA from upstairs. Pieces of PLASTER fall from the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
... and you come home to this.

TYLER'S VOICE
(laughing)
You fucking slut!!

(CONTINUED)

MARLA'S VOICE
Thank you, sir, may I have another!
Thank you sir, may I have another... !

Jack rolls his eyes, takes off his pants. He runs water in the sink, finds a tiny bit of SOAP and scrubs at the blood stains. The PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

JACK
Yeah. Speaking.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

A cop, DETECTIVE STERN, refers to a file.

DETECTIVE STERN
This is Detective Stern with the arson unit. We have some new information about the "incident" at your condo.

JACK
Yes?

DETECTIVE STERN
I don't know if you're aware... your front door -- it seems someone sprayed freon into the lock, then tapped it with a chisel to shatter the cylinder.

JACK
No, I wasn't aware...

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Cold Sweat.

DETECTIVE STERN
Does this sound strange to you?

JACK
Yes, sir, strange. Very strange.

Jack starts to sweat, scrubs his pants obsessively.

DETECTIVE STERN
The dynamite...

JACK
Dynamite?

DETECTIVE STERN
Yes. It left a residue of ammonium oxalate and potassium perchloride. Do you know what that means?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
What does that mean?

DETECTIVE STERN
It means it was homemade.

JACK
This is... really a shock...

DETECTIVE STERN
Whoever set this homemade dynamite could've blown out the pilot light days before the explosion. The gas, it seems, was just a detonator.

JACK
Who do you think could've done this?

DETECTIVE STERN
I'll ask the questions, son.

TYLER
(whispering in Jack's ear)
Tell him...

Jack almost leaps out his skin, startled; looks to see Tyler standing right next to him.

JACK
Huh?

TYLER
(overlap w/below)
"The liberator who destroyed my property has re-aligned my paradigm of perception."

JACK
Shhhhhh!
(into phone, overlap w/above)
I don't know what to make of this, sir, I really don't...

DETECTIVE STERN
Do you know anyone who'd have the expertise or motive to do something like this?

TYLER
"I reject the basic assumptions of civilization, including material possession."

Jack pushes Tyler away, cups the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(into phone)
No. No, sir. I loved that condo. I loved every stick of furniture. The lamps, the chairs, the rugs, were me. The dishes were me. The plants were...

JACK (V.O.)
I'd like to thank the academy...

DETECTIVE STERN
Well, if any ideas come to you, give me a call. In the meantime, don't leave town. I may need to bring you in for questioning.

END INTERCUT

Jack hangs up. Tyler shrugs.

TYLER
Could be worse. You could be cursed with the three terrible Karmas. You could be beautiful, rich and famous.

Jack turns away, continues to scrub his pants. Marla's FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD coming downstairs...

Jack really grinds the soap against the pants, splashing water. He turns, sees Marla enter. Tyler is GONE. Marla lights a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)
Except for their humping, Tyler and Marla were never in the same room.

MARLA
I got this dress at a thrift store for one dollar.

JACK
(keeps scrubbing)
Worth every penny.

(V.O.)
My parents pulled this exact act for years -- one came in, the other disappeared.

Marla begins a slow, exotic dance, moving very close to Jack. She lifts her dress dangerously high, dancing close to Jack's body, almost touching.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
(seductive)
It's a bridesmaid's dress. Someone loved it intensely for one day, then tossed it. Like a Christmas tree -- so special, then, bam -- it's abandoned on the side of the road, tinsel still clinging to it...

Jack becomes very aware of having no pants on, presses against the counter. Marla pulls her hemline further up.

MARLA
Like sex crime victims, underwear inside-out, bound with electrical tape.

JACK
(coldly)
It suits you.

She leans in very close to Jack's ear, whispers hoarsely:

MARLA
You can borrow it sometime.

Jack takes a step away, keeps scrubbing. Marla blows smoke in his face. Jack takes her cigarette and throws it in the sink. Marla backs away, fed up, storms out, going UPSTAIRS.

TYLER (O.S.)
Get rid of her.

Jack turns to see Tyler in the doorway.

JACK
You get rid of her.

TYLER
(pointing at Jack)
Don't mention me.

Marla's FOOTSTEPS are coming DOWNSTAIRS. Jack looks to the archway, then back at -- Tyler's GONE. Marla enters, shoes and balled up clothing under one arm, looking for something on the junk strewn table.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm six years old again, passing messages between my parents.

JACK
I, uh... think you should go now.

Marla ignores, still searching the table, tossing things, pushing other things off to the floor.

-- (CONTINUED)

JACK
It's time for you to leave.

MARLA
Don't worry, I'm leaving.

Marla finds what she wanted, a pack of cigarettes. She moves up into Jack's face.

MARLA
You're such a nutcase, I can't even begin to keep up!

JACK
Goodbye.

She laughs, spins on her heels. As she exits the back door, she sings "This Merry-Go-Round" from "Valley of the Dolls." Jack watches her through the kitchen window.

TYLER (O.S.)
Nice work.

Jack turns. Tyler's right behind him. Through the window, Marla can be seen walking away. Tyler picks up the remnant of SOAP Jack's been using, holds it up to Jack.

TYLER
To make soap, first we have to render fat.

Jack looks at Tyler.

CLOSE UP - SIGN: "DANGER - BIOHAZARD."

EXT. FENCED-IN BIOHAZARD WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT

Tyler stands inside the fence. Jack's atop the fence, struggling to cross BARBED WIRE. He wobbles, gets over, snags his shirt. Jack falls, RIPPPPP. Tyler helps.

FOOTSTEPS. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM. Tyler pulls Jack behind a DUMPSTER, one of DOZENS. A silhouette of a SECURITY GUARD moves along the perimeter, flashlight first. He walks away.

MOVE BACK to Tyler and Jack, who emerge from hiding. Tyler eagerly grabs the lid of the closest dumpster.

TYLER
The best fat for making soap -- because the salt balance is just right -- comes from human bodies...

Tyler lifts the lid -- it CREAKS.

JACK
What is this place?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
A liposuction clinic.

From the dumpster, Tyler pulls out an industrial-sized, thick plastic bag full of PINK GOO.

TYLER
Paydirt. From society's richest asses and thighs.

TIME CUT: Tyler and Jack climb back over the fence, carrying BAGS of fat. One of Jack's bags RIPS, spilling the goo down the chain-link fence. Jack slips and slides. Tyler laughs. Tyler tries to scoop the running fat back into the bag.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler each stir a boiling pot.

TYLER
As the fat renders, the tallow floats to the surface. Remember the crap they taught you in Boy Scouts.

JACK
Hard to imagine you in Boy Scouts.

TYLER
This clear layer is glycerin. We'll mix it back in when we make the soap.

Tyler sticks a spoon into a pot, lifts up a scoop of the glycerin layer. Then, he grabs a can, opens it.

TYLER
Lye -- the crucial ingredient.
(adding lye to mix)
Ancient peoples found their clothes got cleaner if they washed them at a certain spot in the river. Why? Because, human sacrifices were once made on the hills above this river. Year after year, bodies burnt. Rain fell. Water seeped through the wood ashes to become lye. The lye combined with the melted fat of the bodies, till a thick white soapy discharge crept into the river.

Tyler licks his lips until they're gleaming wet. He takes Jack's hands and KISSES the back of it.

TYLER
The first soap was made from the ashes of heroes. Like the first monkeys shot into space.

(CONTINUED)

The saliva shines in the shape of the kiss. Tyler pours a bit of the flaked lye onto Jack's hand.

TYLER
Without sacrifice, without death, we would have nothing.

Jack's whole body JERKS. Tyler holds tight to Jack's hand and arm. Tears well in Jack's eyes; his face tightens.

TYLER
This is a chemical burn. It will hurt more than you've ever been burned and you will have a scar.

Jack looks -- the burn is swollen glossy in the shape of Tyler's kiss. Jack's face spasms.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's kiss was a bonfire on the back of my hand.

TYLER
Look at your hand.

JACK (V.O.)
Guided meditation worked for cancer, it could work for this.

SHOT OF A GREEN MAPLE LEAF, GLISTENING WITH DEW. RESUME:

Tyler looks at Jack's glazed and detached eyes.

TYLER
Come back to the pain. Don't shut this out.

Jack, snapping back, tries to jerk his hand away. Tyler keeps hold of it and their arms KNOCK UTENSILS off the table.

JACK (V.O.)
I tried not to think of the words "searing" or "flesh." I imagined my pain as a ball of healing white light.

SHOT OF A FOREST, IN GENTLE SPRING RAINFALL. RESUME:

Tyler JERKS Jack's hand, getting Jack's attention...

TYLER
Stop it. This is your pain -- your burning hand. It's right here. Look at it.

JACK (V.O.)
I was going to my cave to find my power animal.

(CONTINUED)

SHOT OF THE INSIDE OF JACK'S FROZEN ICE CAVE. RESUME:

Tyler JERKS Jack's hand again. Jack re-focuses on Tyler...

TYLER
Don't deal with this the way those dead people do. Deal with it the way a living person does.

SHOT OF INSIDE THE ICE CAVE - ON MARLA, LYING NAKED UNDER A FUR COAT, TURNING HER HEAD TO LOOK TOWARDS US. RESUME:

Jack tries to pull his hand free. Tyler won't let go. Jack's eyes glaze over again. Jack speaks, whiny from pain:

JACK
I... I think I understand. I think I get it...

TYLER
No, what you're feeling is premature enlightenment.

SHOT OF A GREEN FOREST WITHOUT RAIN. RESUME:

Tyler SLAPS Jack's face, regaining his attention...

TYLER
This is the greatest moment of your life and you're off somewhere, missing it.

JACK
No, I'm not...

SHOT OF TREES ENGULFED BY A FOREST FIRE. RESUME:

TYLER
Shut up. Our fathers were our models for God. And, if our fathers bailed, what does that tell us about God?

JACK
I don't know...

SHOT OF EMBERS POURING FROM THE HELLISH FOREST FIRE. RESUME:

Tyler SLAPS Jack's face again...

TYLER
Listen to me. You have to consider the possibility that God doesn't like you, he never wanted you. In all probability, He hates you. This is not the worst thing that can happen...

(CONTINUED)

JACK
It isn't... ?

TYLER
We don't need Him...

JACK
We don't... ?

SHOT OF INSIDE ICE CAVE - NAKED MARLA PULLS JACK DOWN ON TOP OF HER - JACK KISSES HER - CIGARETTE SMOKE COMES FROM HER MOUTH - JACK COUGHS. RESUME:

Jack is a wide-eyed zombie...

JACK
... Marla ... ?

TYLER
Fuck damnation. Fuck redemption. We are God's unwanted children, with no special place and no special attention, and so be it.

Jack looks at Tyler -- they lock eyes. Jack does his best to stifle his spasms of pain, his body a quivering, coiled knot. He bolts toward the sink, but Tyler holds on.

TYLER
You can go to the sink and run water over your hand. Look at me. Or you can use vinegar to neutralize the burn, but first you have to give up. First, you have to know that someday, you are <u>going to die</u>. Until you <u>know</u> that, you will be useless.

Jack spasms with a shiver of pain...

JACK
You ... you don't know what this feels like, Tyler.

Tyler shows Jack a LYE-BURNED KISS SCAR on his own hand. Tears begin to drip from Jack's eyes. Tyler grabs a bottle of VINEGAR -- pours it over Jack's wound.

Jack closes his eyes, holds his hand... slumps to the floor.

TYLER
Congratulations. You're a step closer to hitting bottom.

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Jack and Tyler, in trench coats, looking like death-warmed-over, wait as a BUYER fills out forms.

(CONTINUED)

There are bars of "The Paper Street Soap Company" soap on the counter. Jack looks like he's half-expecting to get arrested. His hand is BANDAGED.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler sold the soap to department stores at twenty bucks a bar. God knows what they charged. How ironic. We were selling rich women their own fat asses back to them.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits at his desk, playing a game on his computer, smoking a cigarette. Boss enters.

JACK (V.O.)
He was wearing a yellow tie. It must be Thursday. I didn't even wear a tie to work anymore.

Boss slaps a piece of PAPER down on Jack's desk.

BOSS
"The first rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club."

Jack snuffs his cigarette in an ashtray, stares up stoically.

JACK (V.O.)
I must've left the original in the copy machine.

BOSS
"The second rule of fight club... "
Is this yours?

JACK
Hmm?

BOSS
You don't get paid to abuse the copy machine.

JACK
"Abuse" the copy machine. There's an image.

BOSS
Pretend you're me. You find <u>this</u>.
What would you do?

Jack rises slowly, walks to his door, shuts it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Me? I'd be very careful who I talked to about this. It sounds like someone dangerous wrote it... someone who might snap at any moment, stalking from office to office with an Armalite AR-10 Carbine-gas semiautomatic, bitterly pumping round after round into colleagues and co-workers.

Jack moves very close to Boss, picks up the PAPER and starts tearing it into pieces.

JACK
Might be someone you've known for years... somebody very close to you. Or, maybe you shouldn't be bringing me every little piece of trash you pick up.

Jack puts the PAPER in his trash. Boss stares with a tinge of outrage, a tinge of fear. PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it.

JACK
Compliance and Liability.

MARLA'S VOICE
My tit's going to rot off.

JACK
Just a second.
(to Boss; smiles)
Could you excuse me? I need to take this call.

Boss goes to the door, stares at Jack a beat, then leaves.

JACK
(into phone)
What are you talking about?

INTERCUT WITH - CLOSE UP OF MARLA...

MARLA
Would you do something for me? I need you to check and see if there's a lump in my breast. I can't afford to throw money away on a doctor.

JACK
I don't know ...

MARLA
Please.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
She didn't call Tyler. I'm neutral in her book.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack walks down the sidewalk, seeing Marla take two BOXES from a VAN with the sign "MEALS ON WHEELS."

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marla leads Jack inside.

JACK
This is a sweet side of you. Picking these up for ...
(reads off boxes:)
"Mrs. Haniver" and... "Mrs. Raines."
Where are they?

MARLA
Tragically, they're dead. I'm alive and I'm in poverty. You want any?

JACK
No, thanks.

MARLA
Good.

He stares at her while she eats.

MARLA
What happened to your hand?

Jack awkwardly puts his bandaged hand behind his back.

JACK
Nothing.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marla stands facing a MIRROR with her shirt open. Jack stands behind her with his hand on the bottom side of her breast. Marla's hand guides his.

JACK
Where? Here?

MARLA
Here.

JACK
There?

MARLA
Here.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Here.

MARLA
Feel anything?

JACK
No.

Jack's head is behind Marla's. They speak softer, slower.

MARLA
Make sure.

JACK
Okay. Okay, I'm sure.

MARLA
You feel nothing?

JACK
Nothing.

Marla turns around and faces him, begins to button her shirt.

MARLA
Well, that's a relief. Thank you.

JACK
No... no problem.

MARLA
I wish I could return the favor.

Jack touches his own chest, shakes his head.

JACK
I think everything's okay here.

MARLA
I could check your prostate.

JACK
Uh ... nah.

MARLA
(pause)
Well... thanks, anyway.

Marla leans to kiss him — lingers for a bit longer than just friendly. Jack pulls away.

JACK
So... are we done?

Marla sighs.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
Yeah, we're done. See you around.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges from the lobby. He looks up at Marla's window, watches her silhouette. He walks away, right into -- Big BOB, the moose, eating a donut and drinking orange juice.

BOB
Cornelius! How are you?

JACK
Bob. I'm okay. How are you?

BOB
Better than I've ever been in my life.

JACK
Really? Great. Still "Remaining Men Together?"

An intense look of born-again fervor comes over Bob's face.

BOB
No. I found something new.

JACK
Really, what's that?

BOB
(quietly)
The first rule is... you aren't supposed to talk about it...

JACK
Oh.

BOB
And the second rule about it is... you're not supposed to talk about it. And the third rule...

JACK
Bob, Bob... I'm a member.

BOB
You are?!

JACK
Look at my face.

Bob roughly slaps Jack's shoulder.

BOB
That's fucking great, man! Fucking great! Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Yeah, both of us.

BOB
You know about the guy who invented it? I hear all kinds of things. Supposedly, he was born in a mental institution. They say he only sleeps one hour a night. You know about this guy? Tyler Durden?

INT. BASEMENT - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The CROWD SCREAMS insanely as Bob and Jack go at it in the circle of light. Bob's eyes are wild with glee.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Everyone sneaks out of this new location -- we've seen none of these guys before -- it's a new chapter. Jack and Bob stagger out last, Jack being in worse shape. They both grin with religious serenity. Bob hugs Jack.

BOB
Thank you. Thank you.

Bob relaxes the hug and Jack drops to the ground like a sack, completely enervated from the beating he took.

JACK
You're welcome.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club -- this was mine and Tyler's gift... our gift to the world.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Jack has his briefcase on the table, looks at PAPERWORK. Tyler wanders in, carries a dirty pot to the sink. Jack takes out a cigarette, lights up. He offers the pack...

TYLER
No thanks, I quit.

JACK
You quit?

TYLER
Yeah. Where you headed?

JACK
Work. Going to work.

Tyler scratches his chin absently.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
What... ?

TYLER
Nothing. Do what you like.

Tyler walks out the way he came.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits staring at his SCREEN SAVER.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack steps into the open doorway, knocks on the doorframe. Boss looks up from his large, expensive desk.

JACK
We need to talk.

BOSS
Okay. Where to begin? With your constant absenteeism? With your unpresentable appearance? You're up for review...

JACK
I Am Joe's Complete Lack of Surprise.

Boss sits up in his seat, becoming enraged.

JACK
Let's pretend. You're the Department of Transportation, and you discover that our company intentionally did nothing about leather seats cured in third world countries with chemicals we know cause birth defects? Brake linings that fail after a thousand miles. Fuel injectors that burn people alive.

BOSS
Just who the fuck do you think you are?! Get out! You're fired!

JACK
What about this? Keep me on payroll as an outside consultant. In exchange for my salary, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't need to come to the office. I can do this job from home.

Boss stands, moves around his desk, glaring with rage.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS
You little fucker! I oughta... !

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the nose. Blood starts to trickle. He punches himself in the jaw, throws himself back as if by the force of the punch, SLAMS against a framed picture and SHATTERS the glass. He falls to the floor.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Smirking Revenge.

Jack gets back to his feet.

JACK
Please... don't hit me again, please.
I'm your responsibility...

He PUNCHES himself in the stomach, then in the jaw again. He reels backwards, pulls down a hanging shelf, its contents flying. He hits the floor.

JACK (V.O.)
For some reason, I thought of my
first fight -- with Tyler.

Jack crawls toward Boss, dripping blood, grabs Boss's leg.

JACK
Please... give me the paychecks like
I asked for. I won't be any trouble.
You won't see me again.

Jack climbs up Boss's leg while Boss tries to shake him off. Boss stumbles back into his desk, knocking off belongings.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside
everything this man took for granted,
something horrible had been growing.

Jack crawls high enough to grab Boss's belt, hoisting himself up. He dribbles blood on Boss's clothing, SMUDGES blood from his face onto the knuckles of Boss's hand.

JACK
Please... please...

JACK (V.O.)
And right then, at our most excellent
moment together...

Two SECURITY GUARDS enter and gape at the sight. Behind them stand CURIOUS WORKERS, looking in.

JACK
(gurgling blood)
Please don't hit me again.

INT. TYLER'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE FOYER -- DAY

Jack holds a CHECK in front of Tyler's face.

JACK
Six months advance pay. Six months!

TYLER
Fucking sweet.

JACK
Okay, and... and...

Jack digs in his pocket, takes out a thick bundle of CARDS.

JACK
Forty-eight airline flight coupons.
Plus... hold on... just a minute...

Jack holds up a finger, going to open the front door. He drags an unwieldy SHOPPING CART in behind him; filled with his COMPUTER, PHONE, FAX and other office equipment.

JACK
I am now officially self-employed.

Jack looks at the cart, then back at Tyler, proud.

TYLER
Good for you.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - BASEMENT -- NIGHT

LOUD. An enormous CROWD of guys, including Jack and Bob, stands around Tyler, who's in the center of the circle, holding up his hands to quiet them...

TYLER
I look around... I look around and see a lot of new faces.

An enthusiastic RUMBLE from the crowd.

TYLER
Shut up! Which means a lot of you have been breaking the first two rules of fight club.

A glum silence falls. Guys look at each other.

TYLER
I see in fight club the strongest and smartest men who have ever lived -- an entire generation pumping gas and waiting tables; or they're slaves with white collars.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont)
Advertisements have them chasing cars and clothes, working jobs they hate so they can buy shit they don't need. We are the middle children of history, with no purpose or place. We have no great war, or great depression. The great war is a spiritual war. The great depression is our lives. We were raised by television to believe that we'd be millionaires and movie gods and rock stars -- but we won't. And we're learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed-off.

The crowd erupts into a DEAFENING CHORUS of agreement. Jack looks at the blazing excitement in the eyes of the crowd.

TYLER
We are the quiet young men who listen until it's time to decide.

A fat, MIDDLE-AGED MAN stomps down the stairs, pushing into the crowd, followed by a TALL, HEFTY THUG who holds a GUN.

TYLER
Who are you?

FAT MAN (LOU)
Who am I?! There's a sign on the front that says "Lou's Tavern." I'm fucking Lou. Who the fuck are you?!

TYLER
Tyler Durden.

Tyler extends his hand for a shake, but Lou SLAPS it away.

LOU
Who told you motherfuckers you could use my place?

TYLER
We have a deal worked out with Irvine.

LOU
Irvine? Irvine's at home with a broken collarbone.

Everyone glances guiltily at each other.

LOU
He don't own this place, I do. How much money's he getting for this?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
There is no money.

LOU
Really?

TYLER
It's free to all.

LOU
Ain't that something?

TYLER
Yes, it is.

LOU
Look, stupid fuck, I want everyone outta here now!

TYLER
You're welcome to join our club.

LOU
Did you hear what I just said?!

TYLER
You and your friend.

Lou SLUGS Tyler in the stomach, doubles him over.

LOU
You hear me now?

Tyler gains his breath, determined. He looks up, turns his head, looking to Jack. Jack watches, wide-eyed.

Tyler straightens, facing Lou.

TYLER
No, I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.

Lou PUNCHES Tyler in the face. Some of the guys move forward, but the Thug points his gun. Jack runs forward anyway -- Lou PUNCHES him in the face.

More guys move forward, but Tyler waves them off, facing Lou.

TYLER
We really need to use this place.

Lou proceeds to beat the shit out of Tyler, PUNCHING his face, his stomach. Tyler collapses to the floor. Lou starts KICKING him. Tyler bleeds from the mouth and face.

TYLER
That's it.... that's good. Get it all out. You'll feel better.

(CONTINUED)

Lou flushes red with exasperation, KICKS more. Finally, sweating, bewildered, Lou stops. He looks to the Thug, who is just as bewildered.

Suddenly, Tyler SPRINGS UP, grabs onto Lou...

TYLER
Yes, I am shit and crazy, to you and this whole fucking world...

Tyler's blood spatters on Lou. Lou tries to shake Tyler off, but Tyler BITES Lou's NECKTIE. The Thug grabs Tyler and pulls, the necktie tightening and strangling Lou. Lou slaps at Tyler's face, but recoils from the blood. Tyler spits and shouts through clenched teeth...

TYLER
You don't know where I've been.

Tyler bear-hugs Lou, pulls him to the floor. Tyler rubs his bloody face into Lou's face. The Thug lifts Tyler. Tyler clings to Lou's belt, dragging Lou as he is dragged...

TYLER
We need this place. We need it. Please let us keep it, please...

Blood dribbles out of Tyler's mouth, spattering Lou.

LOU
What are you doing?!

TYLER
Pleeeeeease!

LOU
Okay! Okay, fuck it! Use the basement! Get off me!

TYLER
We need some towels, Lou. We need replacement light bulbs.

LOU
Alright, Christ! Fucking let me go!

TYLER
Thank you. Thank you, sir...

LOU
Let go of me!!

Tyler lets go of Lou's belt. Lou scrambles away. The Thug drops Tyler, trying to keep clear of the blood. Lou gets to his feet, looks at Tyler, then at the rest of the guys. He and the Thug back away... slamming the door behind.

(CONTINUED)

Fight club surrounds Tyler. They help him up, move him to a crate. Tyler sits slumped for a long moment, his breathing labored... then, he sits back, crossing his legs and looking to the group, his demeanor businesslike.

TYLER
This week, each of you has a homework assignment. You're going to go out and start a fight with a total stranger...
(pause, drooling blood)
You're going to start a fight... and you're going to lose.

Jack beams in appreciation.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ricky trips a passing YUPPIE. The Yuppie falls.

JACK (V.O.)
Not as easy as it sounds. People'll do just about anything to avoid a fight.

The Yuppies gets up, angry, and Ricky PUNCHES him...

YUPPIE
Hey! Wha... What the hell... what are you doing?! Who are you?!!

The Yuppie backs away. Ricky follows...

YUPPIE
Get away from me! Keep away! NO... !

Ricky TACKLES the Yuppie. The Yuppie struggles spastically.

YUPPIE
Who are you!? Why are you attacking me... ?!

Having no recourse, the Yuppie begins trading blows.

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

A MECHANIC WITH A BATTERED FACE uses a hose to wash the sidewalk. As MEN pass, he jerks the hose up and SPRAYS them.

FIRST MAN
Hey... hey... !

SECOND MAN
Watch out, jackass!

These men continue on their way.

The Mechanic sprays a third man, a SEMINARY STUDENT, who looks down, stunned.

SEMINARIAN
You... you did that on purpose!

The Mechanic DOUSES the Seminarian. The Seminarian grabs the hose, wrestling the Mechanic for it. The Mechanic shoves the Seminarian, who responds with a half-assed PUNCH. The Mechanic purposely takes it. The Seminarian starts to run away. The Mechanic sprints after him, PUNCHING the Seminarian in the back of the neck. They fight.

INT. RECORD STORE STOCKROOM - NIGHT

A FIST smashes a JAW. Guys CHEER. An arm snakes around a neck and squeezes, blood and sweat dripping. It's the YUPPIE and the SEMINARIAN fighting. Tyler walks around the perimeter of the circle.

JACK (V.O.)
Now nobody was the center of fight club except the two men fighting. The leader walked around in the crowd, out in the darkness.

Tyler hands ENVELOPES out to the crowd.

JACK (V.O.)
Everyone took a homework assignment.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Ricky and another FIGHT CLUBBER paste up a BILLBOARD which reads: "DID YOU KNOW? YOU CAN USE YOUR OLD MOTOR OIL TO FERTILIZE YOUR LAWN! -- ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY."

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

HANDS use a MARKER, writing on a FILE: "Disinformation."

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack and Tyler, in work gloves, armed with TOOLS, work together to lift the entire METAL PLATE of EXIT SPIKES from the ground. They reverse it, then replace it.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Tyler walk away, each carrying a 4x4 plank of WOOD.

JACK
There's fight club in Delaware City.

TYLER
I heard. Local 15, Monday nights.

(CONTINUED)

As they pass PARKED CARS, they SWING the planks against front bumpers -- activating ALARMS and INFLATING AIR BAGS...

JACK
Local 8 just started in Penns Grove. And, Bob said he was at fight club in Newcastle last week.

TYLER
Newcastle? Did you start that one?

JACK
I thought you did.

In the background, a CAR quickly EXITS the parking lot -- front tires EXPLODING, wheel rims throwing sparks.

INT. FAMILY HOUSEHOLD -- NIGHT

FATHER, MOTHER, YOUNG DAUGHTER and SON, eat dinner, watching TELEVISION. Suddenly, the TV IMAGE turns to SNOW and static.

Family members stop eating. Father picks up the REMOTE, points it -- all channels are SNOW.

Father turns the TV OFF. He and his family members look at each other, utensils in hand, uncomfortable.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

The Yuppie SWINGS a BASEBALL BAT -- DESTROYS a digital SATELLITE DISH. The Yuppie and the Seminarian move on, climbing to a neighboring rooftop. They come upon another DISH. The Seminarian takes the bat, takes a SWING...

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

HANDS place NEWS CLIPPINGS into a FILE: "Mischief."

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - ON GROUND - DAY

Two AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE MEN, with bruised faces, rip open a box from a PRINT SHOP. They dig up AIRPLANE SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARDS and begin inserting them into each seatback. We SEE a CARD -- it shows passengers SCREAMING and FLAILING ABOUT IN TERROR.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Huge office. Rows and rows of desks. FIGHT CLUB MEMBERS work: one guy moving from COMPUTER MONITOR to COMPUTER MONITOR, using a DRILL to drill a hole into the top of each.

Other guys follow behind, with FUNNELS and CANS of GASOLINE, filling each monitor with gasoline.

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

Files and newspaper clippings are piled up. HANDS write on a new FILE FOLDER: "**Arson.**"

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

The Yuppie crumbles a loaf of stale bread into a bucket, stirring it with a big spoon, mixing in a BOTTLE of EX-LAX.

Nearby, Bob throws handfuls of wet BREADCRUMBS to PIGEONS... HUNDREDS of PIGEONS -- a rooftop feeding-frenzy.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack cross the parking lot, towards the convenience store. Jack wears a BACKPACK.

TYLER
Let me have that a minute...

Tyler takes the BACKPACK, unzips it, searching the contents.

JACK
What are we doing?

TYLER
Homework assignment.

JACK
What is it?

Tyler takes out a HANDGUN, hands the backpack back.

JACK
Human Sacrifice.

Jack turns white, staring at the gun.

EXT. BEHIND THE CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The BACK DOOR opens and Tyler brings the store's CLERK out at gunpoint, forces him to his knees. Jack follows, freaked. Tyler points the gun at the Clerk.

JACK (V.O.)
On a long enough time line, the survival rate for everyone drops to zero.

CLERK
Please... don't...

TYLER
Give me your wallet.

(CONTINUED)

The Clerk fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and Tyler snatches it. Tyler pulls out the DRIVER'S LICENCE.

TYLER
Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. A small, cramped basement apartment.

RAYMOND
How'd you know?

TYLER
They give basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you're going to die.

Tyler rummages through the wallet.

TYLER
Is this a picture of Mom and Dad?

RAYMOND
Yesssss...

TYLER
Your mom and dad will have to call kindly doctor so-and-so to dig up your dental records, because there won't be much left of your face.

RAYMOND
Please, God, no...

Raymond begins to weep, shoulders heaving.

JACK
Tyler...

TYLER
An expired community college student ID card. What did you used to study, Raymond K. Hessel?

RAYMOND
S-S-Stuff.

TYLER
"Stuff." Were the mid-terms hard?

Tyler rams the gun barrel against Raymond's temple.

TYLER
I asked you what you studied.

JACK
Tell him!

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND
Biology, mostly.

TYLER
Why?

RAYMOND
I... I don't know...

TYLER
What did you want to be, Raymond K. Hessel?

Raymond weeps and says nothing. Tyler COCKS the gun. Raymond GASPS.

TYLER
The question, Raymond, was "what did you want to be?"

A beat.

JACK
Answer him!

RAYMOND
A veterinarian!

TYLER
Animals.

RAYMOND
Yeah ... animals and s-s-s ---

TYLER
Stuff. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND
Too much school.

Tyler shoves Raymond's wallet back into Raymond's pocket.

TYLER
Would you rather be dead?

RAYMOND
No, please, no, God, no!

Tyler moves the gun right between Raymond's eyes.

RAYMOND
NOOOOO!

Tyler UNCOCKS the gun, lowers it.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
I'm keeping your license. I know where you live. I'm going to check on you. If you aren't back in school and on your way to being a veterinarian in six weeks, you will be dead. Get the hell out of here.

Raymond staggers to his feet, heads down an alleyway. Jack and Tyler watch Raymond flee, then Tyler looks at Jack.

JACK
I feel sick.

TYLER
Imagine how he feels.

Tyler brings the gun to his own head, pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

JACK
I don't care, that was horrible.

Tyler walks away.

TYLER
Tomorrow will be the most beautiful day of Raymond K. Hessel's life.

Jack watches Tyler go.

TYLER
His breakfast will taste better than any meal he has ever eaten.

Jack turns to look the direction Raymond ran. He finally turns back, following after Tyler.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE — NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: in the deserted office, gasoline filled COMPUTER MONITORS begin to EXPLODE...BOOM...BOOM...BOOM...

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MORNING

Luxury AUTOMOBILES are parked, splattered with BIRD SHIT.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

VIEWED OUT 3RD STORY WINDOW: Tyler uses a RAKE, dragging it across rocks and dirt. He stops a moment, rake on his shoulder, staring off. Then, back to work...

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
(muttering quietly)
... You are not how much money you have in the bank. You are not the shoes you wear.

Tyler's marking a large SQUARE in the weeds and rubble of the backyard, kicking rocks away, dragging the rake...

TYLER
You are not the contents of your wallet...

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The DRIVER has a broken nose. The bus is empty, except for Jack, in the very last seat, sleepy.

JACK (V.O.)
He had a plan. Maybe you just didn't see it till it hit you between the eyes.
(pause)
But, it started to make sense... in a Tyler sort of way. No fear. No distractions. The ability to let that which does not matter truly slide.

EXT. PAPER STREET - NIGHT

Jack gets off the bus. As the bus pulls away, we see it dropped Jack off right in front of the house.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters. Tyler, dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with PAINT, grabs BEERS from the refrigerator.

JACK
Hey.

TYLER
Hey.

Jack notices ROPE and RAPPELLING TOOLS on the table. Tyler comes to hand Jack a bunch of beers, nod to the living room.

TYLER
Go on in. We're celebrating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack, bewildered, enters carrying beers. Tyler does NOT follow. BOB, RICKY and several other fight club guys sit in front of the TV, chanting not too loudly, all also dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with PAINT.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY
You are not your job.

OTHERS TOGETHER
You are not your job.

RICKY
You are not how much money you have in the bank.

BOB
Shhhh, wait... they're back to it...

Bob goes to turn up the TV. One guy, sixteen years old with an angelic face, ANGEL FACE, gets up to take beer from Jack.

ANGEL FACE
(to Jack)
Great, thanks.

Angel face starts distributing beer amongst his cohorts.

BOB
Shhhhh! Watch!

Jack looks to the TV -- it shows a LIVE shot of the "PARKER MORRIS BUILDING." The building has a GIANT, GRINNING FACE PAINTED on it -- two BROKEN WINDOWS for EYES, with flames pouring out. FIRETRUCKS spray water.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Police Commissioner Jacobs has just arrived... just a second... excuse me, Commissioner, could you tell us what you think has happened?

COMMISSIONER JACOBS, a wrinkled official, turns to camera.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS (V.O.)
We believe this is related to the recent acts of vandalism around the city. It's some kind of organized group, and we are coordinating a rigorous investigation.

Jack turns, sees Tyler in the archway, watching him. Tyler tips his beer to toast, pulls back, out of sight.

JACK
What did you guys do?

They all BURST INTO LAUGHTER. They look at Jack and shake their heads. Jack doesn't get it. Suddenly, the guys' faces turn to stone. Bob sits rigid.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is... you do not ask questions.

Jack stares at them. CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious BANQUET. Commissioner Jacobs guzzles champagne. He rises and starts out of the room. Jack, in a WAITER'S UNIFORM, looks apprehensively to OTHER WAITERS: BOB... RICKY... ANGEL FACE -- who all give each other a look.

INT. HALLWAY

Jacobs saunters down an empty hall. He stops to check his tie in a mirror. He pushes open the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- face to face with TYLER.

INT. BATHROOM

Tyler GRABS Commissioner Jacobs, pulling him into the bathroom. He slaps a piece of tape over Jacobs' mouth. The OTHER "WAITERS" rush in. Jack stays back to keep the door shut. Tyler and the others hold Jacobs, pulling down his pants. Bob snaps a rubber band -- reaches to Jacob's crotch.

TYLER
Wrap it around the top of his hackie-sack.

BOB
Man, his balls are ice cold.

Ricky produces a KNIFE, moves it down to Jacob's testicles. Jacobs is bug-eyed. Jack, red-faced, keeps his distance.

TYLER
You're not going to continue your "rigorous investigation." You will publicly state that there is no underground group. Or -- imagine, the rest of your life with your scrotum flapping empty.

JACOBS
(mouth taped)
... no... please, no...

TYLER
We'll send one to the New York Times and one to the Los Angeles Times. Press release style. Your nuts will be bicoastal. Understood? The people you're after are everyone you depend on.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont)
We do your laundry, cook your food and serve you dinner. We guard you while you sleep. We drive your ambulances. Do not fuck with us.

Ricky makes a dramatic cut with the knife, causing Jacobs to JUMP -- Ricky holds up the severed RUBBER BAND.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Jack, Tyler and the others file quickly out the back SERVICE ENTRANCE. Tyler gives Angel Face a hearty slap on the back. Angel Face smiles at Tyler, nods, grinning.

Jack sees this, his eyes narrowing, stops walking.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fight club in full swing. Jack battles Angel Face, BEATING the shit out of him with unprecedented viciousness.

JACK (V.O.)
I felt like putting a bullet between the eyes of every Panda that wouldn't screw to save its species.

The crowd shouts maniacally, save Tyler, who watches with an inscrutable stone face.

Angel Face tries to speak, but Jack POUNDS too hard. Blood flies. The crowd begins to grow QUIETER.

JACK (V.O.)
I wanted to open the dump valves on oil tankers and smother all the French beaches I'd never see.

Finally, Angel Face lies still, unconscious. Jack stops, stares down, numb. Jack walks away -- the crowd parts to let him pass. Jack scans faces... finds Tyler.

TYLER
Where did you go, Psycho-Boy?

JACK
I felt like destroying something beautiful.

EXT. STREET NEAR LOU'S TAVERN - LATER

RAINING. Tyler and Jack walk through pools of streetlight. A idling car HONKS. Tyler leads Jack toward it. A bruised-faced VALET PARKER throws keys to Tyler, but Jack intercepts.

(CONTINUED)

VALET
There you are, Mr. Durden. Airport parking, long term.

JACK
(motions to car)
After you, Mr. Durden...

TYLER
No... after you.

INT. STOLEN CAR

Tyler gets in the driver's seat. Jack gets into the front passenger seat. Ricky and the Mechanic are in back.

EXT. STREET

Tyler pulls the stolen car away from the curb. It has two bumperstickers: "RECYCLE YOUR ANIMALS" and "MAKE MINE VEAL."

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - LATER

RAIN GUSHES down. Jack stews, silent. The car moves down a HIGHWAY, intermittently illuminated by oncoming headlights.

TYLER
Something on your mind?

JACK
No.

Tyler shrugs; turns on the RADIO, ignores Jack.

JACK
Why wasn't I told about "Project Mayhem?"

TYLER
What should I have told you?

JACK
Why wasn't I involved from the beginning? You and I started fight club together.

TYLER
Fight club was the beginning. Now it's out of the basements and there's a name for it -- Project Mayhem.

RICKY AND MECHANIC
(together)
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you do not ask questions.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
This is as much mine as yours.

TYLER
Is this a needlepoint club? Is it about you and me?

JACK
You know what I mean.

TYLER
What do you want? A statement of purpose... ?

JACK
Look...

TYLER
Should I E-mail you? Should I put this on your "action item list?"

JACK
I want to know --

TYLER
What do you want to know about Project Mayhem?

RICKY AND MECHANIC
(together)
The first rule of Project Mayhem --

JACK
(to Ricky and Mechanic)
Shut up!!
(to Tyler)
I want to know what's going on.

Tyler steers the car into the opposite lane, accelerates... Opposing HEADLIGHTS get closer fast...

TYLER
This does not belong to us. We are not the leaders. We are not special.

JACK
What are you doing?!

TYLER
We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world. We are all part of the same compost heap...

JACK
Tyler... !

(CONTINUED)

Tyler steers back into the proper lane. The other CAR flies past, HORN SOUNDING...

JACK
What the hell... ?!

TYLER
You choose your level of involvement. I won't make decisions for you.

JACK
I'm not asking you to.

TYLER
You're asking questions that don't have answers. You know just as much about Project Mayhem as anybody else.

JACK
I don't think that's true.

Tyler again steers into the oncoming lane, speeding up. Through the windshield: oncoming headlights -- a TRUCK.

JACK
Tyler... what is this... !

Jack fights to turn the wheel, but Tyler uses both hands.

TYLER
What will you wish you'd done before you died?

RICKY
Paint a self-portrait.

MECHANIC
Build a house.

TYLER
(to Jack)
And you?

JACK
I don't know! Nothing!

TYLER
If you died right now, how would you feel about your life?

JACK
I would feel nothing about my life? Is that what you want to hear?!

The oncoming truck HONKS and FLASHES its LIGHTS. It moves to the other side of the road. Tyler steers there, too.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
I want to hear the truth.

JACK
Fuck my life. Fuck fight club. Fuck you and fuck Marla. I'm sick of this. How's that?

TYLER
Why do you think I blew up your condo?

JACK
What?

TYLER
Hitting bottom isn't a weekend retreat! It's not a seminar! You have to forget everything you know, everything you think you know -- about life, about friendship, about you and me.

Nearing impact with the oncoming truck, Tyler takes his hands off the wheel -- Jack keeps his grip, turns the wheel... the car swerves...

The truck ROARS past, spraying water, HORN BLASTING.

Tyler looks at Jack, his hands in the air. Jack looks at Tyler with dead eyes.

JACK
Okay, okay... fine...

Jack takes his hands off the wheel, holds them in the air. Tyler studies Jack face, impressed. Tyler makes no move to take the wheel.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: a STALLED CAR ahead on the side of the road, surrounded by flares.

Jack and Tyler's eyes stay locked as the car drifts onto the shoulder... heading for the stalled car. Their faces are illuminated by the light of the flares. Tyler smiles.

They SMASH into the stalled car -- AIRBAGS INFLATE! The back of their car whips around and carries it into a ass-over-tea-kettle ROLL down a hill...

JACK (V.O.)
I'd never been in a car accident. This must've been what all those statistics felt like before I filed them into my reports.

The car finally hits the bottom, lying on its roof.

EXT. OVERTURNED CAR

Tyler crawls from the passenger side. He walks around... opens the driver's side door and drags Jack out into the mud. Ricky and the Mechanic climb out the broken rear window. Tyler sits beside the stunned, wounded Jack.

TYLER
We just had a near-life experience.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, traumatized, eyes empty, staring at the ceiling. Tyler sits in a nearby chair.

TYLER
In the world I see -- you're stalking elk through the damp canyon forests around the ruins of Rockefeller Center. You will wear leather clothes that last you the rest of your life. You will climb the wrist-thick kudzu vines that wrap the Sears Tower. You will see tiny figures pounding corn and laying strips of venison on the empty car pool lane of the ruins of a superhighway.

Tyler stands, gives Jack's head a pat.

TYLER
(leaving)
Feel better, champ.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at the table, sips coffee. He's pale, dazed, seems broken. He hears the faint SOUND of SAWING and HAMMERING, unsure of where it's coming from.

Marla walks into the kitchen and goes straight to the counter. Her back is to Jack as he looks at her. She pours coffee and lights a cigarette. A beat of silence, then:

MARLA
I'll be out of your way in a sec.

She seems to be as weak as Jack.

JACK
You... don't have to... leave.

MARLA
Whatever.

JACK
Really... I mean it.
(pause)
Have you been going to your groups?

MARLA
Chloe's dead.

JACK
When?

MARLA
Do you care?

JACK
I don't know.

MARLA
It was the smart move on her part.

Marla turns to face Jack, a grim expression on her face. There's a BRUISE on her ARM. Jack gets up, moves closer.

JACK
Why are we both... caught up like this... with...?

JACK (V.O.)
I came so close to saying Tyler's name, I could feel it vibrate inside my mouth.

Marla looks a him, waiting.

JACK
I don't understand. Why does a weak person have to go out and find a strong person... to hang onto?

MARLA
What do <u>you</u> get out of it?

Faint SOUND of SAWING and HAMMERING. Jack can't quite figure where it's coming from.

JACK
You hear that?

MARLA
Hear what?

JACK
That ...sawing and hammering.

MARLA
Have we been talking too long? Must we change the subject?

Jack turns -- through the crack of the open basement door, Tyler's staring at Jack from the bottom of the stairs.

TYLER
(harsh whisper)
You're not talking about me, are you?

Jack reacts, turns back to Marla.

JACK
(to Marla and Tyler)
No.

MARLA
That day you came over to my place to play doctor... what was going on there?

TYLER
(still a whisper)
What are you talking about?

JACK
(to Marla and Tyler)
Nothing.

MARLA
Nothing? I don't think so.

TYLER
(whisper)
This conversation...

JACK
This conversation...

TYLER
... is over.

JACK
... is over.

Marla comes to touch Jack's hair. Jack closes the basement door. Marla sees the kiss-scar on Jack's hand, grabs his hand. Jack tries to pull it back, but Marla keeps a grip.

MARLA
What is this? Who did this?

JACK
... A person.

MARLA
Guy or girl?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Why would you ask if it's a guy or a girl?!

MARLA
Why would you get bent if I asked?

JACK
Let go of me...
(pulls his hand free)
Leave me alone.

MARLA
You're afraid to say.

Marla backs away, closes her eyes, struggling with frustration. She leaves out the back door, not looking back.

Jack leans against the wall. After a moment, he opens the basement door, heads downstairs...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE

Tyler walks upstairs, passing as Jack continues down...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks around. TRIPLE-DECKER BUNKS clutter the basement, as many as can fit into the space.

JACK
(calling upstairs)
Tyler... ? What's this for?

From upstairs, the SOUND of the DOORBELL.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack opens the door. Ricky stands on the porch, staring ahead in subordinate military style. He's in black pants, black shirt, black shoes, holds a PAPER BAG, with an army surplus MATTRESS rolled-up at his feet.

JACK
Um... what can I do for you, Ricky?

Tyler steps up beside Jack, looks Ricky over.

TYLER
You're too young. Sorry.

JACK
Wait a minute...

Tyler comes back inside, shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
"Too young?"

TYLER
If the applicant is young, we tell him he's too young. Old, too old. Fat, too fat.

JACK
"Applicant?"

TYLER
If the applicant waits at the door for three days without food, shelter or encouragement, then he can enter and begin training.

JACK
"Training?" Tyler...

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jack comes out, walks around Ricky, hands in his pockets, unsure. Tyler watches, nods for Jack to go ahead.

JACK
Uh, look. You're too... young to... train here. You should probably be on you way.

No response from Ricky, who remains at attention. Jack goes back inside. Tyler closes the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky remains at attention. Jack bursts out with a BROOM, knocks the brown bag out of Ricky's hand, kicks it away.

JACK
Are you deaf?! I told you to leave! You will never get inside this house!

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's still there. Tyler comes out, friendly.

TYLER
Look, friend, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding. It's not the end of the world. Just go away. You're trespassing and I will call the police. Nothing personal.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky, same spot. Jack bursts outside with the broom again.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You're never getting through this door, you stupid little weasel! Look at me when I talk to you... !

He WHACKS Ricky in the shoulder with the broom.

JACK
What is your major malfunction!?

INT. JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the window, Tyler sips coffee, watches this scene on the PORCH below.

JACK (V.O.)
Sooner or later, we all became what Tyler wanted us to be.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's there. Bob is now next to him, in black, with a paper bag in hand, mattress at his feet. Tyler steps out. Jack stays in the doorway, locking eyes on Bob. To all the following questions, Ricky answers "Sir!" --

TYLER
You have two black shirts? Two pair black trousers? One pair black boots? Two pair black socks? One black coat? Three hundred dollars personal burial money? Go inside.

Ricky goes in. Tyler turns to Bob.

TYLER
You're too old. Sorry. And, you're too fat. Nice seeing you.

Bob looks genuinely hurt. He picks up his mattress and starts away. Tyler looks at Jack and rolls his eyes. Jack follows Bob...

JACK
Bob... Bob, wait...
(leading Bob back)
Let me explain this to you...

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP. Bob stands at at rigid attention.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack stand in bathroom doorway, watching Ricky finish SHAVING off all of his HAIR. Tyler comes to give the top of Ricky's head a sharp SLAP.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
A monkey, ready to be shot into space. A Space Monkey, ready to sacrifice himself for Project Mayhem.

From here on, all those with shaved heads: "SPACE MONKEYS."

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Jack looks out the window. Bob stands motionless. There's another "applicant," a SHORT GUY, beside Bob. Ricky comes out the front door with the BROOM...

RICKY
(to Bob)
You're too fucking old, fatty! We don't want your kind here!
(to short guy)
You're too short. Go away, stumpy! Go back to the circus!

Ricky HITS them with the broom, then goes in, SLAMS THE DOOR.

JACK (V.O.)
So it went...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tyler works with a HALF DOZEN SPACE MONKEYS, preparing the square of backyard. They pull weeds, clear rocks; working with shovels, rakes, etc. They cart away WHEELBARROWS of rocks and carry in SACKS of FERTILIZER.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler built his army.

IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW, Jack watches...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack keeps watching out the window, eats toast.

JACK (V.O.)
To what purpose, might one ask? Well, one might ask, if not for the first rule of Project Mayhem.

Jack turns to look around the kitchen. THREE SPACE MONKEYS work -- one SCRUBBING the FLOOR, one WASHING DISHES, one SCRUBBING the walls. Jack walks out.

JACK (V.O.)
In Tyler We Trust.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Jack opens his eyes, awakening to sunlight thru the window.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
And, then...

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Jack slowly pushes open the door to Tyler's room...

JACK
Tyler...

The room is empty. Jack stares.

JACK (V.O.)
He was gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack comes downstairs... finds DOZENS of SPACE MONKEYS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack enters. Space Monkeys render fat and make soap. They pinch HERBS, adding them to the mix. They add VODKA. Off to the side, a couple Monkeys stir a vat of RICE. On the wall is a big bulletin board with HUNDREDS of DRIVER's LICENSES; a sign above it: "HUMAN SACRIFICES."

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY
"You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. You are the same decaying organic matter as everything else. We are all part of the same compost heap."

JACK (V.O.)
Planet Tyler.

Jack dips a spoon into the rice, chomps on it irritatingly.

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY
"We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world."

Jack picks up a BOTTLE of VODKA.

JACK (V.O.)
I had to hug the walls, trapped inside this clockwork of Space Monkeys, cooking and working and sleeping in teams.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters, vodka in hand. TEN SPACE MONKEYS here, reading.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
The house became a living thing, wet inside from so many people sweating and breathing. So many people moving, the house moved.

Jack walks out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jack enters. Angel Face reads a book, marks on a chart. Space Monkeys shuffle PAPERS and NEWS CLIPPINGS. Walls are lined with FILES, each labeled with a STREET ADDRESS, under SIGNS: "Mischief," "Disinformation," "Arson."

Jack's eye lingers on "Arson." He starts flipping through a file. Angel Face comes to take the file from him.

ANGEL FACE
That wouldn't interest you.

JACK
Where's Tyler?

ANGEL FACE
The first rule of Project --

JACK
Right, right.

As Angel Face replaces the file, Jack notices -- a LYE-BURNED KISS-SCAR on the back of Angel Face's hand.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Jack takes a swig of vodka, smokes. In the BACKGROUND, a Space Monkey WHACKS an APPLICANT with a BROOM. It's a ritual; no words. Other Space Monkeys tend the garden.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm all alone. I Am Joe's Broken Heart.

Jack drops his cigarette in the gravel, steps on it. A Space Monkey immediately comes to clean it up.

JACK
Get away from me!

MARLA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who are all these people?

Jack turns, sees Marla with an overnight bag.

JACK
The Paper Street Soap Company.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
Can I come in?

JACK
He's not here.

MARLA
What?

JACK
He's not here! Tyler's not here anymore! He's gone away!

Marla stares at Jack, miserable. A tear runs down her cheek. She turns and walks away. Jack watches her go. There's a LOUD COMMOTION from the house, VOICES SHOUTING. Jack heads to the back door...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters. Ricky crawls, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the LEG. Space Monkeys begin a rudimentary job of treating the wound. Other Space Monkeys carry in a DEAD BODY in BLACK CLOTHES and SKI MASK, putting it on the table.

JACK
What's going on?

Space Monkeys stare at the body. The Mechanic, sweating, gets to his knees and pulls the ski mask off the corpse -- it's BOB, with a gunshot wound to the HEAD.

JACK
Bob... oh, Christ...

Jack pushes past a Space Monkey, stares down, stricken...

JACK
What... what happened... ?

MECHANIC
(out of breath)
We were on assignment...

EXT. SCULPTURE PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A SCULPTURE adorned with a giant GLOBE on top.

MECHANIC (V.O.)
We were supposed to kill two birds with one stone:

A SERIES of EXPLOSIONS blasts the GLOBE free. It ROLLS...

MECHANIC (V.O.)
Destroy a piece of corporate art...

(CONTINUED)

The GLOBE ROLLS downhill, to the street -- rolling over one parked LUXURY CAR after another, crunching car roofs and causing windows to explode...

MECHANIC (V.O.)
... and trash a trendy coffee bar.

Then, the GLOBE arrives at the lobby of a HOTEL... BROADSIDES a limo, RICOCHETS... ROLLS directly into the front of a closed ARROSTO coffee bar, SMASHING windows... DECIMATING coffee push-pots...

EXT. PARK - AERIAL VIEW - (FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS)

Bob, the Mechanic and Ricky FLEE, LAUGHING at their handiwork. They split up, running O.S.

MECHANIC (V.O.)
We had it all worked out, man. It went smooth... until...

HARSH VOICE
Police! Freeze!

O.S. SOUNDS of GUNSHOTS and FLASHES of MUZZLE FIRE.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - (RESUMING)

The Mechanic looks up from Bob's corpse.

MECHANIC
They shot Bob... they shot him in the head. Those fuckers...

Jack walks away from Bob's corpse, distraught, holds his head, turns to look back, his eyes filling with tears.

ANOTHER SPACE MONKEY
We gotta do something.

RICKY
We got to get rid of the evidence. We have to get rid of this body.

ANGEL FACE
Bury him...

Jack looks around in disbelief.

JACK
What... ?

ANGEL FACE
The garden. Take him there. Move, people. Let's do this!

Several Space Monkeys gather around Bob's body.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
No... !

Space Monkeys stop. Jack gets between them and Bob, SHOVES a few Space Monkeys back...

JACK
Get your hands off him! Get off...! What the do you think you're doing...? Evidence?! This is a man... ! You killed him!

ANGEL FACE
He was killed in action.

JACK
No! Look at you! You're... you're running around in ski masks, exploding things...

ANGEL FACE
He was killed serving Project Mayhem.

RICKY
It's what he would have wanted, sir.

JACK
What he wanted? Look... look at him. Look at him! What does he want?
(wipes tears, points at Bob)
This is a person. This is not a cog in your machine...

RICKY
But, this is Project Mayhem.

JACK
No, no. This is a man -- this man has a name...

RICKY
But, in Project Mayhem, we have no names.

JACK
No! Wrong! This man's name is Robert Paulson.

RICKY
Robert Paulson?

JACK
Robert Paulson is dead. He's dead, because of you...

(CONTINUED)

MECHANIC
I understand.

Everyone just stares at Jack.

MECHANIC
In death, a member of Project mayhem has a name.

JACK
No -- !

MECHANIC
His name is Robert Paulson.

RICKY
His name is Robert Paulson!

JACK
No!

ALL SPACE MONKEYS
His name is Robert Paulson!

JACK
Stop that -- !

ALL SPACE MONKEYS
(louder)
His name is Robert Paulson! His name is Robert Paulson... !

Jack backs away, surrounded, PUSHES his way out of the room.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack barges in, goes to the desk, rifling through drawers. He finds FLIGHT COUPONS, used and unused. The used coupons have the flight information, including the destination cities. The PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it...

JACK
Tyler?

DETECTIVE STERN'S VOICE
(from phone)
This is Detective Stern of the arson unit. I'd like to see you in my office tomorrow morning...

Jack, in a panic, HANGS UP.

INSERT - AN AIRPLANE TAKES OFF...

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack sits stiffly in a seat.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
I went to the cities on Tyler's used tickets stubs.

INSERT - A SIGN: "LA GUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack hurries from the terminal, runs to a TAXI...

JACK (V.O.)
In every city, I branched out from the airport to downtown, bar-hopping...

INT. TAXI - IN MOTION, MID-CITY - NIGHT

Jack's looks out the window, intently watching buildings.

JACK (V.O.)
I didn't know how or why, but I could look at fifty different bars, and somehow I just knew...

JACK
(to driver, points)
Here. Let me out, right here...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack enters. He sees several MALE PATRONS with FIGHT BRUISES. Jack moves to the bar. The BARTENDER has a broken arm and swollen face.

JACK
I'm looking for Tyler Durden.

BARTENDER
Never heard of him.

JACK
This is an emergency. It's important I find him.

BARTENDER
I wish I could help you... sir.

The bartender WINKS at Jack.

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - ATLANTA SKYLINE - NIGHT

JACK (V.O.)
Every city I went to...

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY

JACK (V.O.)
...as soon as I set foot off the plane...

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - DALLAS SKYLINE - NIGHT

JACK (V.O.)
...I knew fight club was close.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Jack RUNS through the airport, lugging his suitcase.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler was setting up franchises, all over the country.

INT. DRY CLEANERS -- DAY

The PROPRIETOR, his head bandaged, is confronted by Jack.

JACK
I need to know where Tyler is. Can't you help me?

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR
Sir, you're disturbing the other patrons with your loudish behavior.

JACK
(pointing)
There's no one else here.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR
I'm sorry, I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

JACK
Look at my face. I'm a member. I just need to know if you've seen Tyler Durden.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR
I'm not disclosed to bespeak any such information to you, nor would I, even if I had said information you want, at this juncture be able.

Jack looks around, incredibly frustrated.

JACK
You are a moron.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR
I'm afraid I have to insist you leave.

(CONTINUED)

Jack gives up, shoves his way out the door.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Jack sits on the bus, looking out the window. The bus stops.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside
everything I took for granted,
something horrible had been growing.

OUT THE WINDOW, a CONSTRUCTION WORKER with a BROKEN NOSE works a jackhammer. He stops, wipes his brow.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

TVs show football. Jack is seated with TWO BRUISED PATRONS.

BRUISED PATRON #1
No one's ever seen him. No one knows
what he looks like.

BRUISED PATRON #2
He has facial reconstructive surgery
every three years.

JACK
That's the stupidest thing I've ever
heard.

BRUISED PATRON #1
Is it true about fight club in Miami?

BRUISED PATRON #2
Is Mr. Durden building an army?

JACK (V.O.)
Am I asleep... ?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jack sits awake. Everyone around him is asleep.

JACK (V.O.)
Have I slept? I'm not sure if Tyler
is my bad dream or if I'm Tyler's.

EXT. MID-TOWN STREETS - DAY

Jack steps off the sidewalk, hailing a TAXI...

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

The alleyway's deserted. Jack heads to rusty CELLAR DOORS. He opens the doors, looks around, heads down stairs...

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)
I was living in a state of perpetual deja vu.

INT. DANK BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters this dark basement, walks ahead in the dim light. The place is damp and empty. Jack stops, looks down.

JACK (V.O.)
Everywhere I went, I felt I had already been there.

At his feet -- DRIED BLOOD on the concrete floor.

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - PHOENIX SKYLINE - DAY

INT. ANOTHER BAR - DAY

Jack walks in. The place is empty. He walks to a KITCHEN DOOR, opens it and peers in at... a GROUP of KITCHEN WORKERS solemnly stand in a circle, chanting...

KITCHEN WORKERS
His name is Robert Paulson. His name is Robert Paulson...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from behind Jack)
Welcome back, sir.

Jack whirls, startled -- facing the wounded BARTENDER, who wears a NECK BRACE, his nose a smashed eggplant.

WOUNDED BARTENDER
How have you been?

JACK
... You know me?

WOUNDED BARTENDER
Is this a test, sir?

JACK
Yes... it's a test.

WOUNDED BARTENDER
You were in here last Thursday night.

JACK
What?

WOUNDED BARTENDER
You were standing right where you are now, asking how good our security is. It's tight as a drum.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Who do you think I am?

WOUNDED BARTENDER
Is this part of the test?

Jack nods slowly. The Bartender holds up his hand, shows the KISS SCAR on the back of his hand...

WOUNDED BARTENDER
You're the one who did this to me.
You're Mr. Durden, sir. Tyler Durden.

JACK (V.O.)
Please return your seatbacks to their full upright and locked position.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack bursts inside, out of breath, runs to grab the phone, punches a number, doesn't bother to turn on the lamp.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Marla answers.

MARLA
Yeah?

JACK
Marla, it's me. Have we... have we ever had sex?

MARLA
What kind of stupid question is that?!

JACK
Because the answer's "yes" or because the answer's "no?"

MARLA
Is this a trick?

JACK
Will you just answer me, for Christsake?!

MARLA
You mean, you want to know if I think we were just having sex or making love?

JACK
We did make love?

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
Is that what you're calling it?

JACK
Answer the question!

MARLA
You fuck me, then snub me. You love me, you hate me. You show me your sensitive side, then you turn into a total asshole! Is that a pretty accurate description of our relationship, Tyler?

JACK (V.O.)
We've just lost cabin pressure.

JACK
What did you say... ?

MARLA
What is wrong with you?

JACK
Say my name.

MARLA
What... ?

JACK
Say my name! What's my name!?

MARLA
Tyler Durden! Tyler Durden, you fucking freak. What's going on? I'm coming over there...

JACK
Marla, no, wait... !

As Marla HANGS UP. Jack stares at the receiver, dazed...

TYLER'S VOICE
We've got six fight clubs in Chicago now...

Jack spins, dropping the phone — TYLER sits beside him.

TYLER
Four in Milwaukee.

JACK
What's this all about, Tyler?

TYLER
And, we're definitely filling a void in the rural South.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Why do people think I'm you?

TYLER
You broke your promise. You talked to her about me.

JACK
Why do people think I'm Tyler Durden?

TYLER
Why did you do that?

JACK
Answer me, Tyler.

TYLER
Why do people think anything?

JACK
I don't know! Tell me!

Tyler shakes his head in disgust, extremely irritated.

TYLER
People think that you're me, because you and I happen to share the same body.

JACK
What... ?

TYLER
Is this really news to you?

JACK
What are you talking about... ?

TYLER
Sometimes I control it, and you imagine yourself watching me...

FLASHBACK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Commissioner Jacobs checks his tie in a mirror, goes to open the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- face to face with JACK.

FLASHBACK - LOU'S BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK stands surrounded by eager fight club MEMBERS, under the bare bulb, talking and behaving like Tyler...

JACK
The first rule of fight club is -- you don't talk about fight club.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER
And, sometimes you control it...

FLASHBACK - EXT. PAPER STREET HOUSE - DAY

Jack stands in the yard, VODKA in hand, yells at Marla.

JACK
He's not here! Tyler's not here anymore! He's gone away!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER
You can see me and hear me, but no one else can...

FLASHBACK - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

JACK sits alone on the curb, watching the nearby freeway. He talks to someone beside him, but nobody's there.

JACK
Anyone?
(thinks)
My boss, probably.
(pause)
Who would you fight?

Jack listens, looks at the empty space beside him.

JACK
Oh, yeah.
(nodding)
I didn't really know my Dad...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER
But, when you fall asleep, I do things without you...

FLASHBACK - TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JACK is on top of Marla, sweating, making violent love...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER
I go places without you. Get things done...

FLASHBACK - BUILDING - NIGHT

The Parker Morris Building.

(CONTINUED)

JACK, Bob, Ricky, Angel Face and another GUY rappel down the side, SPRAYING PAINT. JACK is "TYLER" in demeanor, mannerisms, speech...

JACK
(shouting)
You are not your job. You are not how much money you have in the bank.

TWO WINDOWS SHATTER OUTWARD -- TWO MEN look out and yell:

BRUISED MAN #1
I am not my job!

BRUISED MAN #2
I am not how much money I have in the bank!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack's having trouble catching his breath. Tyler stands.

TYLER
There! Happy? I asked for one thing from you... one simple promise. Now look what you've done!

JACK
This isn't possible...

TYLER
We're going to have to do something about Marla...

JACK
What... what are you saying?

TYLER
It's okay. We okay... a little codependent, sure, but...

Jack shakes his head in disbelief, in denial...

JACK
No! This isn't true. We... we were around other people, together, both of us...

TYLER
You never talked to me in front of anyone else.

JACK
Wrong, wrong -- what about the car crash... the two guys in the backseat?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
What about them? They're lunatics.

JACK
You took me to the house.

TYLER
The house is rented in your name.

JACK
You have jobs.

TYLER
Night jobs -- while you were sleeping.

JACK
What about Marla?

TYLER
What about Marla?

JACK
She's... you... you're fucking her.

TYLER
Um, well... technically, no.

Jack stands, trying to absorb, feeling ill, trying to find words, then -- he suddenly FAINTS to the floor, OUT COLD.

JACK (V.O.)
It's called a "changeover." The movie goes on, and nobody in the audience has any idea.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- PRE-DAWN

Jack's eyes snap open. He sits up, alone. He remembers the previous night... looks at himself in the mirror... looks at the clock -- 4:35am.

INT. HALLWAY

The room door SLAMS OPEN as Jack bursts out of the room, carrying his suitcase, SPRINTING for the STAIRWELL...

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack races down, three steps at a time, dragging his suitcase - BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - behind him...

INT LOBBY

Jack hurries to the front door, his suitcase half-broken open, passing the front desk. A DESK CLERK calls after him.

DESK CLERK
Sir... sir? Are you checking out?

JACK
Yes.

The clerk follows the length of the counter, waves a PAPER.

DESK CLERK
Please initial this list of phone calls.

JACK
Bill me!

Jack goes out the door, freezes. He pushes back in, going to the desk -- snatches the bill, studies it: many NUMBERS.

JACK
Wait...when were these made?

DESK CLERK
It says right there, sir... between two and three-thirty this morning.

Jack looks at the clerk, at the bill, at the clerk.

JACK
I need a copy of this.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jack stares out the window, his face set hard.

JACK (V.O.)
Had I been going to bed earlier every night? Have I been sleeping later? Has Tyler been in charge longer and longer?

EXT. PAPER STREET - DAY

A TAXI halts. Jack leaps out, points to the GRUNGY CABBIE.

JACK
Wait here.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks in to find the place EMPTY and DESERTED. He continues on into the KITCHEN, gawks at BATHTUBS and CANISTERS holding vast amounts of liquid. There are HOSES, GAS MASKS, BEAKERS, TEST TUBES and PUMPS.

He picks up a BOTTLE labeled "NITRIC ACID."

INT. TYLER'S ROOM

Jack sits by the PHONE, pulls out the HOTEL BILL, runs his finger up and down the list of PHONE NUMBERS...

JACK (V.O.)
Deja vu, all over again...

Jack finger stops on a NUMBER. He dials, phone to his ear.

VOICE
(from phone)
Eighteen-eighty-eight.

Jack sees a file on the wall: "1888 CENTURY PARK EAST."

JACK
Who is this?

VOICE
Maintenance.

JACK
Listen, something's going to happen, something terrible...

VOICE
Very good, Sir.

JACK
Excuse me?

VOICE
Don't worry about us, sir. We're solid.

JACK
Now wait, there's been a mix-up. Everything's changed...

VOICE
You told me you'd say that.

JACK
Abort the plan.

VOICE
You told me you'd say that, too.

JACK
Did I tell you I'd call you a fascist dickhead?!

VOICE
Well, sir, you said you might.

Jack HANGS UP, desperately dials the next number on the bill.

DIFFERENT VOICE
(from phone)
Twenty-one-sixty. Maintenance.

Jack sees a file: "2160 PICO BOULEVARD." He throws the phone, pocketing the bill. He grabs up all the FILES.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack's TAXI halts. Marla walks out of the lobby doors, sees Jack getting out of the cab, laden with files...

JACK
Marla!

Marla makes a sharp turn, walking away. Jack follows, hugging the files to his chest, catching up.

JACK
Marla...

MARLA
Your whacked-out, bald freaks hit me with a fucking broom. I thought they were going to break my arm.

JACK
I'm sorry, I...

MARLA
They were burning their fingertips with lye. The stink was unbelievable.

JACK
Marla... I need to talk to you. It's going to take a tremendous act of faith on your part for you to hear me out.

MARLA
Here comes an avalanche of bullshit.

Marla heads into a DINER. Jack follows...

JACK
-- A little more faith than that.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Marla sits in a BOOTH. Jack sits across from her.

MARLA
I don't want to hear anything you've got to say.

JACK
Give me a minute, Marla, alright... just sixty seconds.

MARLA
Sixty seconds, then I'm out of here.

JACK
Absolutely, you have every right. I need you to do me a favor.

MARLA
I've done you enough favors.

A WAITER with a BLACK EYE appears at the table.

WAITER
Sir! Anything you order is free of charge, sir.

MARLA
Why is it free of charge?

JACK
Because... I'm Tyler Durden.

MARLA
Then, I'll have the clam chowder... fried chicken and a baked potato with everything and a chocolate chiffon pie.

Jack look to the pass-through WINDOW into the kitchen where THREE COOKS look out with STITCHES in their faces.

JACK
Clean food, please.

WAITER
In that case, sir, may I advise against the lady eating the clam chowder?

JACK
Thanks, no clam chowder. That's it.

The waiter snaps to attention and leaves.

MARLA
You got about thirty seconds.

JACK
(takes a deep breath)
I know that I've been... unwell. I know it's been like there's two sides to me.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA
Two sides? You're Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Jackass.

JACK
I deserve that. Anyway, I've... I've only just realized...

MARLA
What?

JACK
I mean, the depth and breadth of our relationship has only recently been illuminated for me. I know <u>this</u>... I know <u>us</u> hasn't been such a great thing for you...

MARLA
Whatever.
(to waiter)
I'll take my food to go...

Marla's getting up to go, but Jack rises, fed up, takes her by the arm, putting her back in her seat.

JACK
Sit down! Sit down and give me my last fifteen seconds without opening your mouth!

Marla crosses her arms. Jack collects himself.

JACK
I'm trying to tell you -- and this is where you have to trust me -- but, I think your life might be in <u>real</u> danger.

MARLA
What?

JACK
You have to get out of here. Leave as soon as possible. Go to any rural town, away from any major city...

MARLA
You are an insane person.

JACK
Marla...

MARLA
No, no, shut up! I've had enough. I tried, Tyler... I have tried...

Marla's getting upset, tears coming to her eyes.

MARLA
There's a part of you I really like, but I can't do this anymore. I just can't. This is killing me...

JACK
I'm sorry, but I...

MARLA
What?! You're sorry? I don't believe that for a minute.

Marla gets up. Jack grabs for her, but she's gone, heading for the door. Jack gathers his files, runs to follow...

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack pushes out the door, files under one arm, catching up...

JACK
I can't explain. You wouldn't believe me anyway. I'm trying to protect you...

Jack grabs her arm, tries to hail a TAXI, but the taxi races past. Marla pulls free, screaming at him...

MARLA
Let go of me!

JACK
Do this for me, Marla. Do this for me, if you never do anything else...

Jack spots a BUS idling further up the street.

MARLA
Leave me alone! I don't ever want to see you again!

JACK
Okay, if that's what it takes, you'll never have to see me again.
(digs in his pocket)
Here... here...

He pulls MONEY from his pocket, holding it out.

JACK
Take this money, get on this bus...
(pointing to bus)
Get on, and I promise you, I'll never bother you again, if that's what you want. Please...

(CONTINUED)

Marla looks at Jack, numb.

MARLA
Tyler...

JACK
I'm begging you. Get on the bus. Get on the bus.

Marla takes the money from Tyler, walks towards the bus. As they approach it, Jack shields his eyes, afraid to look...

MARLA
Why are you doing this?

JACK
I can't let myself see where you're going. Go wherever it takes you, remember... keep away from major cities...

Marla stands at the doors of the bus, heartbroken, gives one last look at Jack.

MARLA
(holds up the money)
I'm not paying this back. I consider it "asshole tax."

JACK
Yes, fine. Just, get on. Stay away a couple of weeks, at least.

Jack's still covering his eyes. Marla gets on the bus.

MARLA
Tyler...

Jack finally looks to her.

MARLA
You are the worst thing that ever happened to me.

DOORS HISS SHUT. The BUS LEAVES, heading away. Jack seems relieved. Then, a SCREAM is HEARD from MARLA...

Jack turns, looks... THROUGH THE BUS WINDOWS: the bus is filled with BALD MEN IN BLACK; Space Monkeys.

Jack SPRINTS after the bus...

The bus speeds away. Onboard, Space Monkeys subdue Marla.

Jack falls to the asphalt, rolls, files flying.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Son of a bitch!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jack RUNS to the front desk, crazed, dumps the armload of files on the desk in front of the DESK SERGEANT...

JACK
(loudly)
I want you to arrest me. I'm the leader of a terrorist organization responsible for acts of vandalism all over the city. Detective Stern in arson knows who I am...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Detective Stern and THREE DETECTIVES stand, staring at Jack, who's seated. On the table are the phone bill and files.

JACK
There are probably several hundred members in the metropolitan area. Chapters are sprouting in at least five other major cities. They're tightly-regimented, with many cells capable of operating without a central leader. Check this address: 1537 Paper Street. You'll find the body of Robert Paulson buried in the garden. You'll also find numerous tubs used to make gallons of nitroglycerin. The plan, I believe, is to blow up these credit card headquarters and the TRW building.

STERN
Why these buildings?

JACK
You are not your job. You are not how much money you have in the bank.

STERN
(to other detectives)
Keep him talking.

Stern leaves. A beat, then, the remaining Detectives smile at Jack with REVERENCE.

FLAT-TOP DETECTIVE
I really admire what you're doing. You're a brave man to order this.

JACK
What?

REDHEAD DETECTIVE
You're a genius, sir.

They grab Jack and force him on his back on the table. Flat-Top has a rubber band; the Bald Detective has a knife.

BALD DETECTIVE
You know the drill. You said if anyone ever tries to interfere with Project Mayhem, even you, we got to get his balls.

Flat-Top PULLS Jack's pants completely off, tosses them aside. Jack SCREAMS. Flat-Top holds his legs.

FLAT-TOP
It's useless to fight.

REDHEAD
This is really a powerful gesture, Mr. Durden. It'll set quite an example.

JACK
No... you're making a mistake!

FLAT-TOP
You told us you'd say that.

JACK
I'm not Tyler Durden!

BALDY
You told us you'd say that, too.

JACK
Okay, I am Tyler Durden and I'm ordering you to abort the mission!

FLAT-TOP
You said you would definitely say that.

BALDY
What's our best time for a "cut and run?"

FLAT-TOP
Four minutes.

BALDY
Is somebody timing this?

REDHEAD
(looks at his watch)
Wait till the second hand gets to the twelve.

(CONTINUED)

A KNOCK at the door. Flat-Top slaps a hand over Jack's mouth. He and Redhead block view of the table as Baldy opens the door a crack. Stern mutters:

STERN
Some of this info checks out. Let's go to the place on Paper Street.

Baldy glances back at the other Detectives, leaves, closing the door. The two remaining Detectives continue. Jack kicks and screams and writhes. The Detectives wrangle him, but with more difficulty, now that Baldy's gone.

REDHEAD
(checking his watch)
Mr. Durden, you're going to fuck up the time!

Jack gets one leg free, KICKS, knocks Flat-top backwards -- Flat-Top SLAMS the wall, falls. Redhead lets go of one of Jack's arms, jams his elbow into Jack's throat... cutting off the airway. Jack's face reddens... he's choking...

Jack's free hand reaches, searching... pulls Redhead's GUN and points it at him. Redhead backs off. Jack gets up, gasping for air, PISTOL-WHIPS Flat-top as he rises.

Jack grabs one of the files off the table.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jack, without pants, in BOXER SHORTS, escapes out the BACK DOOR. He looks at the ADDRESS on the file folder.

EXT. STREET

Jack SPRINTS down the middle of the street, gun in hand, looking like a complete madman. Cars almost hit him.

EXT. BANK BUILDING - LATER

Jack, sweating and panting, stops, looks... then heads toward the BUILDING with the address "1888."

EXT. 1888 LOBBY

Jack tries the door. Locked. He lifts a cast iron bench, runs forward -- RAMS it into the glass. The bench immediately recoils from the glass, SLAMS Jack's groin! Jack falls to his knees, doubled over, holding his package. Then, he rises, SHOOTS the glass...

INT. 1888 LOBBY

Jack pushes through the broken glass. He sprints for the "PARKING" door...

INT. GROUND LEVEL - PARKING

Jack enters, looks -- NO CARS. He bolts to the STAIRS...

INT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - SEVENTH FLOOR

Jack enters, heaving. Again, NO CARS. He moves from one SUPPORT POST to another, searching. He finally spies, across the garage, NINE LARGE CANISTERS, heavily-WIRED.

Jack runs to the BOMB, frantic. He walks around it. There's a DIGITAL CLOCK, ticking down from "10:05"...

Jack moves to pull the lid off one CANISTER, looks inside.

TYLER
Could be worse...

Jack looks -- Tyler's seated, his back against one post.

TYLER
You could be standing under 37 stories of steel and concrete with a 150 gallons of nitroglycerin strapped to the support... oh, maybe it couldn't be...

JACK
(points at bomb)
You... you can't be serious about this.

TYLER
What a ridiculous thing to say.

JACK
I can't let you...

TYLER
...go through with this?
What are you going to do?

JACK
I'm going to...

TYLER
...stop me?

JACK
I'm not going...

TYLER
...to let this happen!

JACK
Stop finishing...

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
...your sentences! They're our sentences. Get your mind around that.

Tyler gets up, walks to Jack.

TYLER
What are you doing running through the streets in your underpants? We both use that body.

JACK
Since when is Project Mayhem about murder?

TYLER
The buildings were evacuated thirty minutes ago. Everything's proceeding exactly as planned.

JACK
You don't know that. There could still be people inside.

Tyler keeps walking around, crosses his arms.

TYLER
Maybe. Maybe a couple of guys with shaved heads couldn't synchronize their watches. Good riddance.

Jack looks back to the BOMB, goes to it, wipes sweat off his face. He starts finger the MANY WIRES, sorting them.

TYLER
I wouldn't be doing that. Unless you know which wires, in what order...

JACK
If you know, I know.

Jack holds his gun under one armpit, uses both hands to go through the tangle of colored wires.

TYLER
Or... maybe I knew you'd know, so I spent the whole day thinking about the wrong ones.

Jack chooses one wire, GREEN, holds it in his fingers.

JACK
If I'm wrong, we're both dead.

TYLER
This is not about martyrdom.

(CONTINUED)

Jack twists the GREEN WIRE around his finger.

JACK
I'm pulling the green wire.

TYLER
Green? Did you say green?

Tyler comes a little closer, leaning to try to get a look, seems genuinely concerned.

JACK
Yes...

TYLER
Don't pull the green wire. Pull anything but the green wire.

JACK
Fuck you.

TYLER
I'm serious. That's the wrong one.

Jack's unsure, swallowing, pulling the wire taunt, fingers trembling. The SOUND of a VEHICLE is HEARD from below...

TYLER
Hear that? Marla's here. Just in the nick of time, eh?

Jack looks to Tyler. Tyler points towards the SOUND...

TYLER
See for yourself.

Jack releases the wire, walks to a RAILING, gun in hand, keeps an eye on Tyler. Jack looks over the railing...

BELOW, a BUS idles. The doors open and MARLA'S dragged out, kicking and screaming, carried by SIX SPACE MONKEYS...

MARLA
You motherfuckers... !

They carry Marla into the BUILDING'S ENTRANCE.

Jack leans against the railing, exhausted.

TYLER
I've got everything. The bombs. The army. I've got Marla.

JACK
Bob is dead, Tyler. The police blew a hole in his head. Was that part of your plan?

(CONTINUED)

Tyler thinks, shrugs.

TYLER
Bob was a grown man. In any great struggle, there will be casualties. Wouldn't that be implicit in the name? Project "Mayhem."

JACK
Fuck your struggle. I want out.

TYLER
You want out?

JACK
I quit.

TYLER
Not an option, for the most obvious of reasons. You need to get with the program.
(looks at his watch)
Seven minutes. Let's get out of here.

Tyler's walks away. Jack looks at the gun in his hand. He points the gun at Tyler...

JACK
Tyler...

TYLER
(still walking away)
What?

JACK
(COCKS the gun)
Defuse the bomb.

Tyler stops walking.

TYLER
Ask me nicely.

JACK
Defuse the bomb, please.

TYLER
Defuse the bomb?

JACK
Yes.

Tyler strides towards the BOMB. Jack trains the gun...

JACK
Please.

Tyler looks at the BOMB, reaches over to it. He grips the GREEN WIRE, yanks it out -- the CLOCK STOPS.

Jack lowers his gun.

TYLER
I did that for you. As a gesture. Now, how fast can you run? There are ten other bombs, in ten other buildings in the immediate area. If you're going to get them all, you better get cracking.
(looks at watch)
Six minutes. Green wires, remember. I'll be upstairs.

Jack's stunned. Tyler walks across the parking garage, past Jack, heading for the STAIRS.

Jack aims the gun at Tyler's back, FIRES!

Tyler ducks to one side, impossibly quick, avoiding...

Tyler spins to face Jack.

TYLER
Whoa! What was that all about?

Jack aims... FIRES!

Tyler DODGES behind a post as the BULLET THROWS CONCRETE.

Jack edges forward, gun held in both hands, moves around the post... Tyler is NOT THERE. Jack turns, takes slow steps, moving the gun from side to side...

Suddenly, a FIST ENTERS FRAME -- SLUGS Jack's face.

Jack falls. The gun goes CLATTERING across the floor...

Jack turns, looking... Tyler's GONE. Jack looks to the gun, scrambles to his feet, running to pick up the gun...

Tyler KICKS Jack in the chest, sends Jack sprawling.

Jack rolls, holding his chest. He looks up, sees Tyler run into the STAIRWELL. Jack grabs the gun and follows...

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack smashes the door open. The stairwell's empty. Jack RUNS up a flight of stairs, kicks open ANOTHER DOOR...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack steps forward, gun up... TWO INTERLOCKED HANDS SLAM down onto his head. Jack drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Tyler backs away, laughing. Jack gets to his feet, aims his gun...

TYLER
Fire at will.

Jack clenches his teeth, FIRING -- nothing happens to Tyler. Jack FIRES TWICE -- no effect. Tyler raises his arms.

TYLER
What did you expect?

Jack charges. Tyler dodges, PUNCHES, knocks the gun out of Jack's hand. They FIGHT, trading PUNCHES, grappling, taking each other to the floor...

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banks of SECURITY MONITORS sit unmanned.

ON ONE MONITOR: Jack is seen in the lobby, on the floor, alone, wrestling himself. He swings his left hand up, punching empty air, then swings his right hand -- PUNCHING himself in the side of the head...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Tyler and Jack fight viciously, bloodied. Tyler manages to get his hands around Jack's throat, starts BANGING Jack's head against the floor...

SECURITY MONITOR P.O.V.

... Jack's got his hands around his own throat, BANGING his own head against the floor, over and over...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack manages to break Tyler's grip, KICKS Tyler away. Tyler springs to his feet, RUNS, heading for a STAIRCASE.

Jack gets up, breathing hard, holding his head, follows...

ON THE STAIRS, Tyler reaches the LOFT LEVEL, above the lobby, disappears around a corner. Jack's right behind, turning the corner -- Tyler's NOT THERE.

Jack receives a SHARP SLAP on the back of the head. He wheels. Tyler isn't there. A TAP on his shoulder. Jack turns around -- WHAM! -- Tyler PUNCHES his face. Jack falls against the loft railing. Tyler comes forward, SWINGS...

SECURITY MONITOR P.O.V.

Jack PUNCHES himself square in the nose!

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack's dazed. Tyler grabs Jack's shirt, pulls him forward, SWINGS HIM -- THROWS him DOWN THE STAIRS...

Jack TUMBLES horribly down... HITS BOTTOM, striking his head on the floor. Jack PASSES OUT...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LARGE SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR

CLOSE ON: Jack's head jerks back as he SNAPS AWAKE. He looks around, trying to focus his eyes...

JACK'S P.O.V. -- TRACKS in the sawdust of the floor, from where his body was dragged across to where he is now.

CLOSE ON: Jack tries to comprehend. He turns his head -- TYLER'S HAND brings the GUN up, PUTS THE GUN IN JACK'S MOUTH. Jack freezes, looks around with his eyes...

PULL BACK TO:

Tyler is seated in Jack's lap. Tyler holds the gun in Jack's mouth, his arm around him. This huge room is being remodeled. Tyler and Jack are seated near floor-to-ceiling windows affording a spectacular view of the CITY.

Tyler looks at his watch.

TYLER
One minute.

JACK (V.O.)
I think this is about where we came in.

TYLER
(looking out window)
This is the beginning. We're at ground zero. Maybe you should say a few words, to mark the occasion.

JACK
... i... ann....iinn.. ff....nnyin...

Jack tongues the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK
(still distorted)
I still can't think of anything.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER
It's getting exciting now.

(CONTINUED)

Jack turns, so he can see down -- 31 STORIES.

TYLER
Look what we've accomplished.
(checks watch)
Thirty seconds.
(looks out windows)
Out these windows, we will view the economic collapse. One step closer to global equilibrium. I'm glad you're here with me.

Tyler watches the skyline, WHISTLES at tune, waiting.

JACK
(distorted)
Can't you call it off... ?

TYLER
It's out of our hands.
(looks at watch)
This is it.

JACK
... please...

TYLER
Fifteen seconds now. Can you see alright? 10... 9... 8...

Tyler looks out the windows, at SURROUNDING BUILDINGS, excited. Jack closes his eyes, despairing.

TYLER
5... 4... 3... 2...

Out the window, the SKYLINE remains unchanged. Nothing. A Long beat. A very dark scowl comes over Tyler's face.

Jack opens his eyes. More waiting. Tyler looks genuinely surprised, pissed-off.

TYLER
What the fuck -- ?

JACK
Paraffin.

TYLER
What?

JACK
(relieved)
Paraffin. Your merry band mixed the nitro with paraffin. I saw it floating in the bomb.
(more)

JACK (cont)
They must've run out of cotton and Epsom salt. Paraffin is iffy at best.

Tyler rises, taking the gun from Jack's mouth, starts pacing. Jack rubs his sore jowls, allows himself a smile.

TYLER
Damn it! God-damn it... !

JACK
Not exactly according to plan.

TYLER
Do we have to do everything ourselves?!

Tyler stops walking, lets out a sigh of disgust. He reaches into his pocket, taking out a WALKIE TALKIE.

TYLER
(into WALKIE TALKIE)
... Codename Rooster. Passcode First Strike...

Jack's eyes go wide.

JACK
No... !

TYLER
(into WALKIE TALKIE)
Proceed with remote detonation.

Jack leaps -- TACKLES Tyler. The GUN is knocked away. Jack STRIKES Tyler's face repeatedly with his elbow, scrambles off...

Jack gets the gun, turns, pointing it. Tyler's getting to his feet, sees the gun, annoyed. Jack stands.

TYLER
Haven't we already done this?

Jack SHOOTS TWICE. Bullets pass right thorough Tyler. Tyler just rolls his eyes, drops the walkie-talkie to the floor and STOMPS on it, CRUSHING it.

JACK
(pointing)
How'd you do that?! You're a fucking figment of my imagination... you're a psychogenic fugue state...

TYLER
Fuck that, maybe you're my hallucination.

(CONTINUED)

Jack falters, pointing at Tyler's feet. There's no walkie-talkie there. Jack looks down, sees the WALKIE-TALKIE CRUSHED under his <u>own</u> foot.

JACK
Oh... Christ...

Jack holds his head, walks around, at his wit's end.

JACK
Why... why... why... ?

TYLER
Why what?

JACK
Why can't I get rid of you? Why can't I just wish you away?

TYLER
You need me.

JACK
No, no, I don't.
(pause)
I thank you, I really do. Thank you, but I don't need you anymore.

TYLER
Look, I can be selfish, I know that.
(pause)
I'm not blind to my own failings...

JACK
Noooo, please... !

Jack backs up against a window, numb and weary.

TYLER
From now on, we'll share Marla. We've been spending too much time apart...

JACK
... no, no, no...

TYLER
No more running off without you. From here on out, we do it together.

JACK
Why are you doing this?!

TYLER
I'm doing this for us.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Please understand... I've gotten all I can from this, Tyler.

TYLER
(sullen)
If I leave, you will be right back where I found you...

JACK
I swear on my life, I won't...

TYLER
You will. You know you will.

Jack stares at Tyler, tears welling up, hangs his head. He looks at the gun in his hand...

TYLER
Can you live with that?

Jack stares at the gun a long time... then...

Jack brings the gun up, PUTS THE GUN IN HIS MOUTH.

Tyler cocks his head.

TYLER
What are you doing?

JACK
What have you left for me?

TYLER
Why do you want to do that? Why do you want to put that gun in your mouth?

JACK
Not my mouth. Our mouth.

Tyler is calm.

TYLER
This is interesting.

Tyler smiles in appreciation, slowly walks forward, stands very close to Jack.

TYLER
Where are you going with this, Ikea-boy?

JACK
It is the only way to get rid of you...

Jack COCKS the hammer on the gun.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
I can see you feel very strongly. I feel strongly too.
(pause)
Hey, you and me.
(pause)
Friends again?

Their eyes are locked, unblinking. Long silence.

JACK
Do something for me.

TYLER
What?

JACK
Appreciate something.

TYLER
What?

JACK
Look at me...

TYLER
What?

JACK
My eyes are open.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION:

Jack's finger squeezes the trigger...

KABLAM! -- Jack's cheeks INFLATE with gas. His eyes bulge. BLOOD flies out from his head. The WINDOW behind him SHATTERS. SMOKE wafts out of his mouth and tear ducts.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as the GLASS FALLS behind Jack...

Tyler stands, in gunsmoke, eyes glazed, sniffs the air...

TYLER
What's that smell... ?

Jack slumps to the floor... Tyler falls...
Tyler hits the ground. The back of TYLER'S HEAD is BLOWN OPEN, revealing blood, skull and brain.

Suddenly, a GROUP of SPACE MONKEYS burst into the room, moving forward to Jack. TYLER'S BODY IS GONE.

TALL SPACE MONKEY
Are you all right, sir... ?!

(CONTINUED)

Jack quakes, holding the side of his head; a ragged hole blown in his CHEEK. He's bleeding hard, but he's alive.

JACK
I'm okay...

Jack looks to the Space Monkeys, trying to get his eyes to see. TWO SPACE MONKEYS enter with Marla. One holds a gun to Marla as she struggles.

SHORT SPACE MONKEY
Are you sure? You look terrible, sir! What's happened?

JACK
Everything's fine.

ANOTHER SPACE MONKEY
Sir, you look really awful! Do you need medical assistance?

Jack sees Marla, tries to get to his feet, falls...

JACK
Bring the girl to me. The rest of you get out. Now!

The Monkeys bring Marla, releasing her, saluting.

MARLA
What happened... ?

JACK
Don't ask.

Marla crouches, takes out wadded TISSUES and tries to apply them to Jack's wound. Space Monkeys are leaving, hesitantly.

JACK
Get to the rendezvous point. Move it!

Jack and Marla are left alone.

MARLA
My God, you're shot... !

JACK
Yes.

Jack tries to get up. Marla helps him.

MARLA
Who did this to you?

JACK
I did, I think. But, I'm okay... I'm fine...

MASSIVE EXPLOSION... the glass walls rattle...

Jack and Marla look -- OUT THE WINDOWS: a BUILDING EXPLODES; collapsing upon itself. Then, ANOTHER BUILDING IMPLODES into a massive cloud of dust. Jack and Marla are silhouetted against the SKYLINE. Jack looks to Marla, reaches to take her hand.

JACK
I'm sorry... you met me at a very strange time in my life.

Marla looks at him. ANOTHER BUILDING IMPLODES and COLLAPSES inward... and ANOTHER BUILDING.. and ANOTHER...

The FILM SLOWS, then ADVANCES ONE FRAME at a TIME -- SHOWING SPROCKET HOLES on the SIDES. EACH FRAME is an IMPLODING BUILDING -- then, ONE FRAME IS A PENIS. Then, the IMPLODING BUILDING again. SPEED UP the frames, LOSE the sprocket holes, RESUME NORMAL SPEED...

FADE TO BLACK:

end